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October 1, 1938

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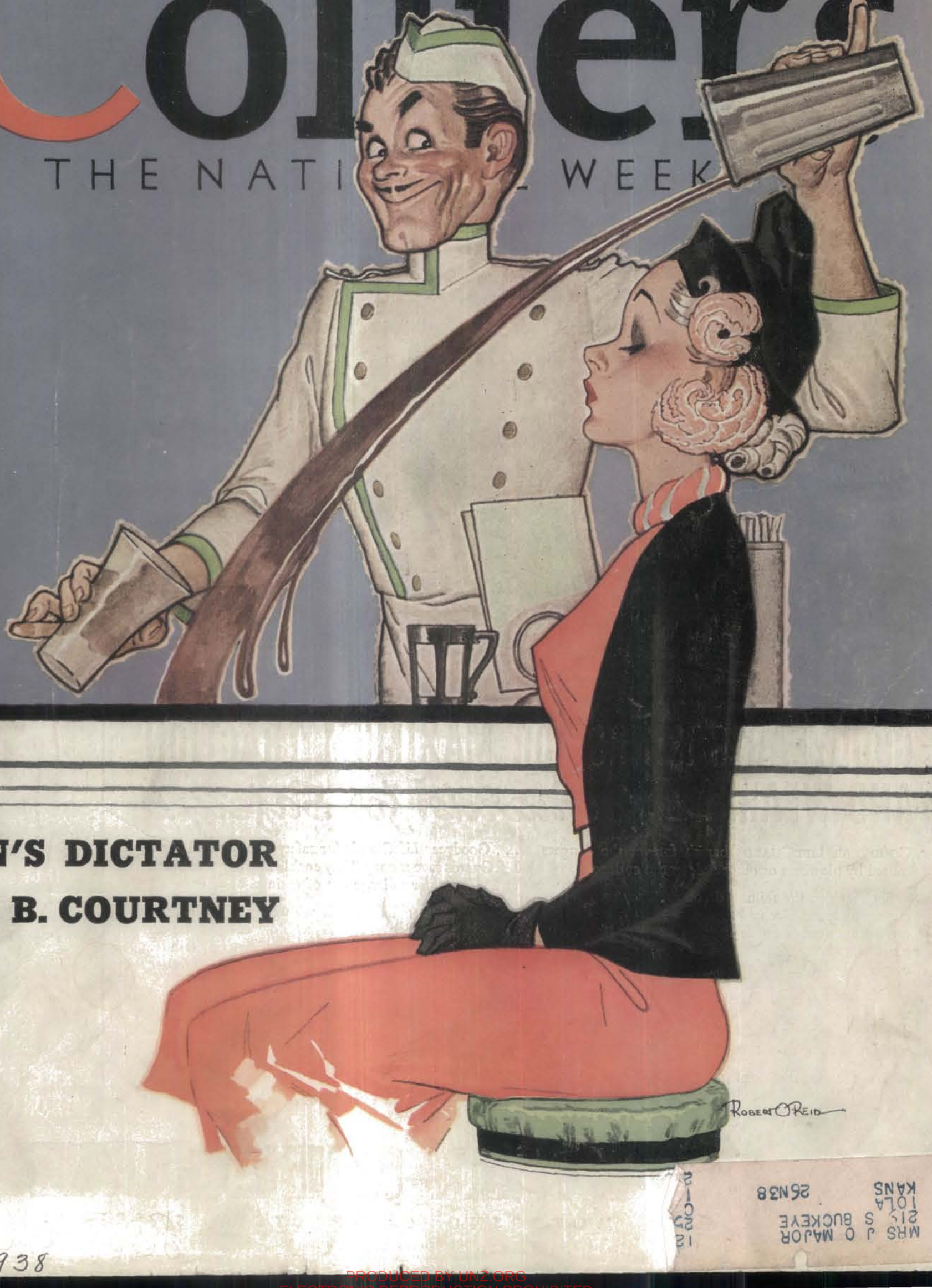
Collier's

THE NATI[illegible] WEEK



JAPAN'S DICTATOR

BY W. B. COURTNEY

ROBERT O. REID

MRS J O MAJOR
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OCT. 1, 1938

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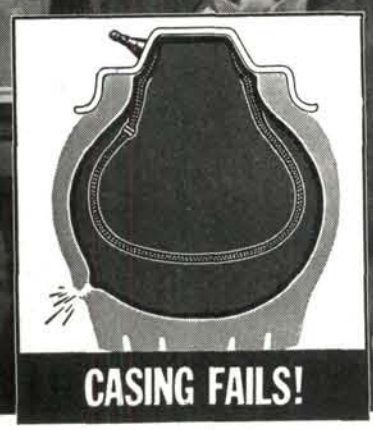
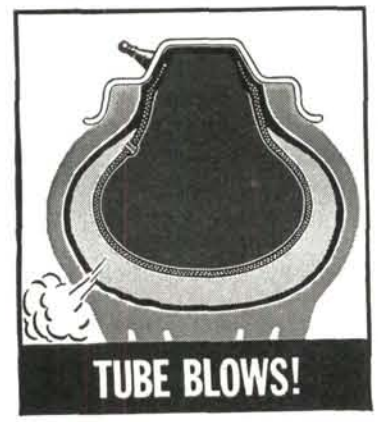
"YOU CAN'T GET BETTER PROTECTION TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!"

You have 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body, safety glass . . . now you'll want LifeGuards!





GOODYEAR CASINGS FOR MAXIMUM TRACTION AND WEAR! *LifeGuards for Safety!*

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS banish forever the dangers caused by blowouts or other sudden tire collapse.

Such sudden tire failures do occur. They are dangerous at any speed. Even a brand new tire, the best made, can sustain a cut or bruise that will suddenly let go with a sickening bang. And the older tires become, the more desperately they need LifeGuard protection.

LifeGuard is a 2-ply reserve tire within a tube . . . used in place of the conventional tube. Should a sudden deflation take place LifeGuard enables you to come to a straight-line stop . . . without weave, lurch or wheel-fight.

The need for this extra protection is revolutionizing tire-buying habits. The modern tire buyer gets Goodyear All-Weather casings for maximum traction and wear . . . Goodyear LifeGuards for safety at any speed. And LifeGuards save money. They enable him to get as much as 25% greater mileage out of casings.

Don't confuse LifeGuards with so-called puncture-proof tubes, which are liable to blow out and are no protection against the dangers of sudden tire failure. Only Goodyear builds LifeGuards. *You can't get better protection to save your life!*

LIFEGUARD is a registered trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and is fully protected by patents.

HOW LIFEGUARDS WORK: The Goodyear LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply *reserve tire* inside a tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

MAKE MOTORING COMPLETELY SAFE!

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WITH THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where most decay begins. Start using the New Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam "bubble bath" and see how your teeth improve in a few short weeks.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic, "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth for hours and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It actually penetrates and cleanses the hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts . . . the very areas that "stymie" less penetrating dentifrices. Is it any wonder that some dental authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care and beauty in the last hundred years?

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

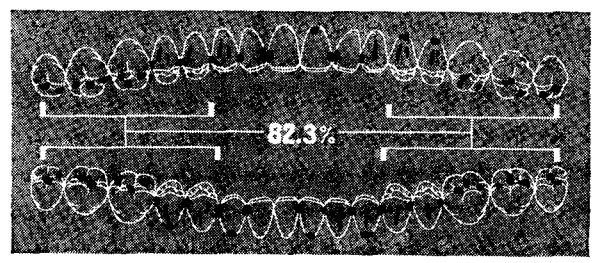
1. It quickly whisks away food and surface stains that dull the teeth. **2.** Removes dingy film that clouds enamel and harbors bacteria. **3.** Fights dangerous mouth acids that encourage decay. **4.** Removes many of the germs that accompany such acids.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly.

Your druggist has this new dentifrice in two economical sizes, Regular 25¢ and Big Double Size containing more than ¼ lb. of toothpaste for 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET A ROSE SHOW YOU WHY
LUSTER-FOAM GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

Dip a rose petal in water, and only a few dew-like drops gather. Its waxy film repels water. Dip the same petal in water containing Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam . . . it comes out *drenched! Luster-Foam has broken up the film.* In much the same way Luster-Foam breaks up tooth film. Then surges into decay spots that lie underneath . . . the tiny pits and cracks where, many authorities state, up to 98% of decay occurs, and which ordinary cleansers, even water, may not penetrate. No wonder Luster-Foam is called a real contribution to dental care!



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Next Week

HOW Mr. Alf Lethbridge, who delivered orange trees with artificial fruit attached, and Tom, the aged horse that unwillingly co-operated with him, became involved in Sally's love affair would be incomprehensible to anyone who had never considered the possibilities of orange trees as a medium of communication. It was really Mr. Lethbridge who thought it up. He was, in a small way, a philosopher with a great respect for the power of love. To see it thwarted by a young man's pride was more than either he or Tom would stand for.

The unexpected results of their enterprise are set down by Margery Sharp in a delightful short story called, appropriately enough, "Orange Flame."

TO A FRENCHMAN, loving all that is handsome and gentle in his land, the tightening ring of hostile guns across France's borders brings heartache and distress of mind. Never has France been so lonely. The Pyrenees, her safe southern border, have suddenly become ramparts of peril, concealing cannon that came from Germany. The Mediterranean is an Italian lake, and the northern border bristles with menace. Into this tense and anxious country Collier's sent Martha Gellhorn to report what the citizens are thinking and where their hopes lie. She accomplishes the task with her usual brilliance.

PETER was a liar by profession. His wife listened cheerfully to his prevarications because they subsequently became highly profitable in the form of short stories. Peter, too, knew they hadn't happened, even while he was telling them. And so when he ran afoul of the bank robbers he knew that wasn't happening either. It took a gun battle to convince him of his mistake. "Something to Tell the Wife" is by Ben Ames Williams.

DON'T be shocked if the boys commit assault and battery on their nice clean season records when they tangle next week in the world series. It's in the cards, and Mickey Cochrane shows you why.

YOU can't tell our Detective O'Malley that women can't keep secrets, especially from cops. In his latest puzzler we find our guileless sleuth matching wits with a mobster's moll, with astonishing results.

HOWARD BRESLIN, Richard English, Avery Strakosch, John August, Robert G. Elliott, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others complete the book.

Collier's

October 1, 1938

This Week

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JAMES HILTON

You Can't Touch Dotty. Why Miss Dorothy Perkins is no longer a movie star. Page 9

NORMAN MATSON

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FRANK CONDON

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The Spymaster. The seventh of ten parts. Mrs. Florestan entertains. Page 15

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Have You a Reservation? New York's leading purveyors of night life. Page 16

DON REYNOLDS

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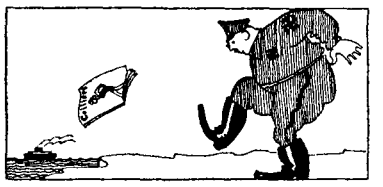
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Any Week

JUST as we were boarding a large plane that was to hurl us over the Rocky Mountains a gentleman named Ertz told us that Mr. Hitler, after a jam session with his mouthpiece, little Mr. Goebbels, had banished Collier's from Germany. It was all because we had the presumption to publish an article about life in a Nazi prison camp. "While it's going to be pretty tough on the poor Germans not to be able to read Collier's," said Mr. Ertz, "there is this to think of: I don't like the damned magazine either but I buy it every week just to see what else you publish that I don't agree with. You guys are habit-forming and ought to come under some kind of law. What the hell are you up to now?"



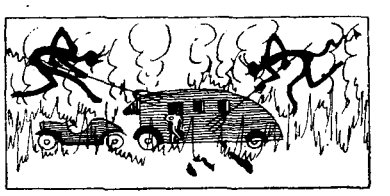
SOMETHING tells us that you'll be glad to know that a Mr. Brattanous is the proprietor of a Coffee Pot in Chicago and that Mr. Brattanous' establishment is being picketed—or was being picketed when we recently passed by—by ladies and gentlemen who carried placards announcing that Mr. Brattanous was unfair to organized labor. But what interested us even more was a sign, perhaps written by Mr. Brattanous himself, on the door of the Coffee Pot: "None of the people picketing my place ever worked for me. I don't hire no bums."

AND we'd have liked to have gone to a "Sociable Party" given by the Shirley Temple Townsend Club in Omaha. But we were in a hurry and, anyway, we weren't invited. The announcement was the thing that snared us: "Chinese checkers and parlor-floor fun will be played by the conservative members and their guests."

ANYWAY, we got to Colorado just in time to meet a friend of ours—Mr. Jack Carberry. Mr. Carberry's left hand was in bandages. He had just returned from fighting a forest fire—a nasty but beautiful one whose reflection we could see above the foothills of the Rockies. Naturally we said something properly sympathetic and nodded at his bandaged hand. "Oh, that," scoffed Mr. Carberry. "I didn't get that mitt fighting the forest fire. I burned it lighting a cigarette last night sitting peacefully on my front porch enjoying a much-needed rest."

ANYWAY, we did not accept an invitation to ride in a rodeo they were organizing in Wyoming. Sometimes we come pretty close to being sensible. Mr. Arthur Weideman of Laramie invited us. Said he had a horse he wanted us to get on—if we could. "We call the pony Third Term," said Mr. Weideman. "And personally I wouldn't give a nickel for the neck of any guy who tries to get anywhere riding him."

ALTHOUGH Mr. George T. Wandole, once of Akron, Ohio, but now somewhat undecided, is one to look to the future, he is not suffocated with illusions. When we saw Mr. Wandole he and his family—wife, sister and brother-in-law—were trailer-camped near Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Wandole is sixty-six years old, his wife a year or so younger. His sister and brother-in-law are no longer young either. Mr. Wandole insisted upon telling us his plans. "I aim," said he, "to stay right here until 1940. If things turn out all right I aim to go into a nice business—something like a bakery or a candy store. If the country goes plumb to hell like some folks say, we won't make a move until we find out what hell's like. Maybe it ain't as bad as the preachers and bankers say. Anyway, we ain't in no hurry."



WE'RE still hearing about those Jimmy Roosevelt articles, and expect to continue to do so for some time to come. Our readers are like that. Here's a blast from Mrs. June Leland of Humboldt, Iowa, who concerns herself not at all with the pros and cons of the matter. Says she, "Don't you think the Roosevelts get in our hair and down our throats enough as it is, without your wasting six good pages on one of them. These Roosevelts are too prevalent. Give us a rest."

JUST one more word about the Roosevelt articles: Mr. Rice P. Lurey of Atlanta, Georgia, informs us that he read them and refuses to believe a word of them. "I wouldn't," says Mr. Lurey, "believe any Roosevelt on his oath on anything and I know that Walter Davenport couldn't tell the truth if he tried. Therefore, those articles did not deceive me. So you know what that makes you."

SURE, Co-liars Weekly. W. D.

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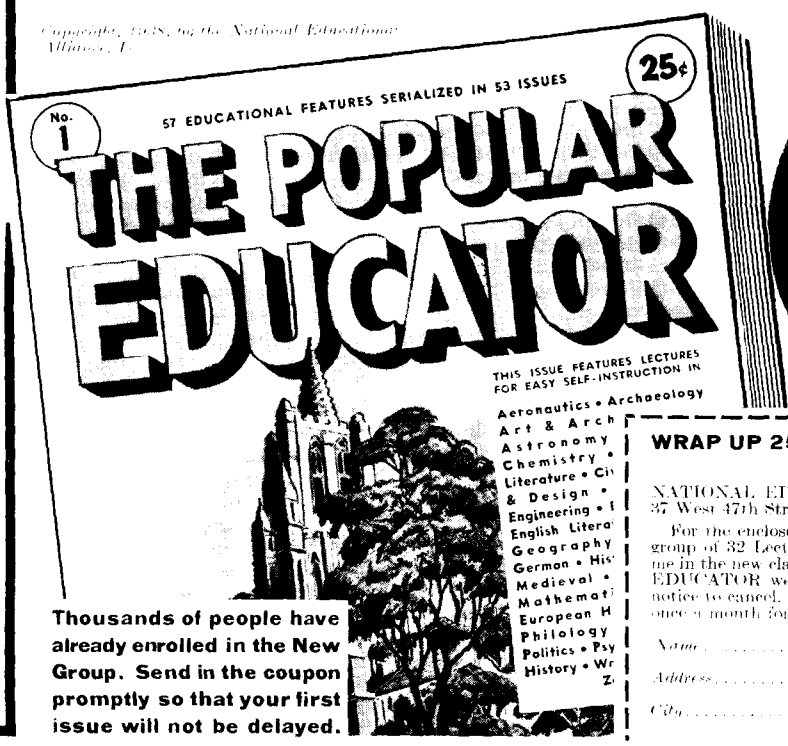

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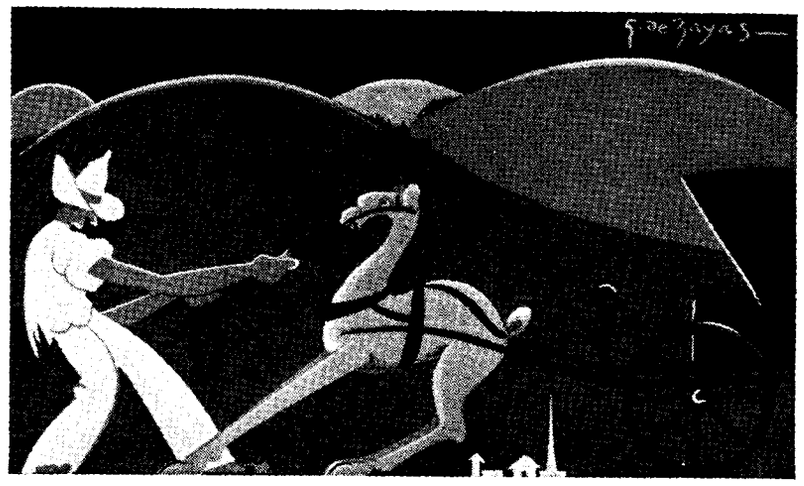

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The camel-like llama, chief beast of burden of South American countries, is believed to be the only work animal in the world that willingly carries heavy loads on its back, yet absolutely refuses to move if hitched to any kind of vehicle.

Bacilli, also commonly referred to as bacteria, microbes, germs and micro-organisms, belong to the vegetable and not the animal kingdom. *—By Virginia Olson, Watonga, Oklahoma.*

Albinism, a congenital deficiency of pigment in the hair, eyes and skin, occurs about once in every ten thousand human beings of every race and color. Furthermore, albinos may result from a marriage between two normal persons who, unaware of the fact, are carriers of the albino gene.*—By Dale Shappell, Wichita Falls, Texas.*

Until recent times, people of virtually every age and race have, for religious reasons, buried their dead facing the East. To the early sun worshipers, it was the direction in which their deity returned each morning; to the ancient Greeks, it was the way to Elysium, or paradise; and to the Christians, it is to be the direction, according to Matthew 24:27, from which Christ will come on Judgment Day.

When an explosion takes place near a building, windows are blown out, not in, unless they are struck by flying fragments.

Some perfumes have a harmful effect on certain individuals. When breathed in large quantities, many innocent odors, such as tuberose, magnolia and narcissus, produce headache, dizziness, convulsions and even epileptic seizures.

During the 20th century, 79 total solar eclipses will occur, or an average of one every fifteen months. Thirty-one have already taken place and 48 more are to come, the next being due on October 1, 1940.

The only actor ever honored by New York with a public reception and the freedom of the city was James K. Hackett (1869-1926), when he returned from England in 1924 after a four years' absence during which time he had become world famous for his performances in "Macbeth" and "Othello" in Paris, London and Stratford-on-Avon.

During the World War, the British Intelligence Service, through a simple trick, finished the career of a clever Turkish spy. Securing his secret address in Constantinople, the service in London sent him $150 in cash in a plain envelope that, when intercepted by the Turkish censor, was considered to be "sufficient evidence" of his dealing with the enemy. Consequently he was executed.

The migrations of the Ruala, a mighty tribe of camel breeders, across the Arabian and Syrian deserts in search of new pastures and rain pools, usually include 35,000 people, 350,000 camels, 10,000 horses, greyhounds and falcons, 7,000 large tents, and 1,500 tons of provisions, water and camp equipment.

Until James S. MacKaye, the American dramatist, presented his play "Hazel Kirke" in New York in 1880, Hazel as a feminine name was virtually unknown. Today's widespread use of the name is directly traceable to the popularity of this production and the lovable character of Hazel Kirke herself.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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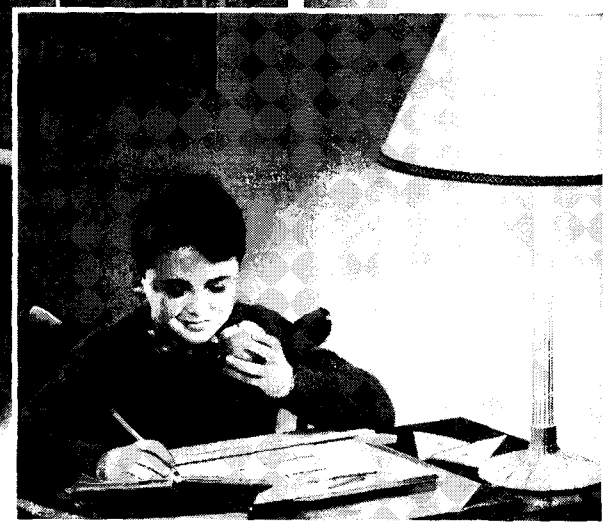
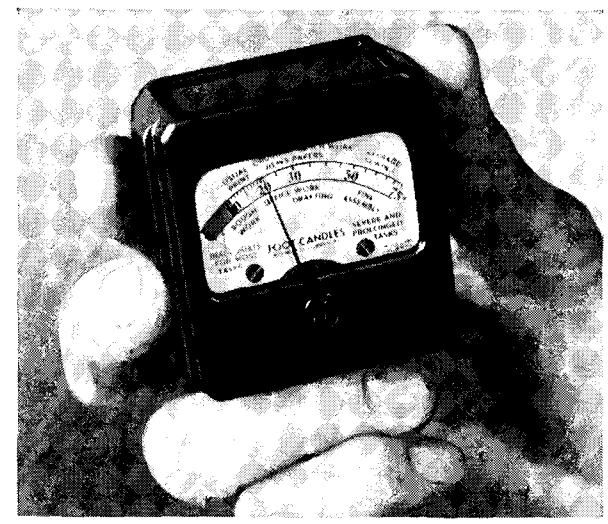
EYESTRAIN SEASON IS HERE!

Homework and dark winter evenings call for LIGHT CONDITIONING with new brighter G-E bulbs

1 DARK DAYS AHEAD for your boy and girl? Gloomy fall and winter months come when children use eyes *most* . . . for homework, reading, indoor games. You can help protect young eyes and make studying easier, by "light conditioning" your home with new, brighter G-E bulbs in correct sizes.



2 WILL HE "GET PROMOTED?" Don't handicap your child by letting him study where light is dim or glaring, and causes eyestrain. How good is the light in his classroom? And has he at least a 100-watt bulb in a good reading lamp for studying at home?



3 THIS QUEER-LOOKING GADGET is a light meter. Surveys made with this instrument show that nine homes out of ten are badly in need of Light Conditioning—which simply means having enough light in enough places for easy seeing without danger of eyestrain!

4 THESE 3 BRIGHTER G-E BULBS for Light Conditioning now sell at lowest prices in history. 100 watt, for one-socket bridge, table, and floor lamps, now down to 15¢! 60 watt, for 2-socket lamps, hallways, twin bathroom fixtures, 15¢. 150 watt, for a brighter kitchen, laundry, or game room, 20¢.

5 ASK YOUR DEALER for a Light Conditioning Package of the new, brighter Edison MAZDA lamps *you* need for "better light-better sight." He can tell you exactly the right size and type of bulb to use in any lamp or fixture. See him today, before darkness sets in any earlier!

Use this check-list of NEW LOW PRICES

Look at the bulbs in your house now. Are you using a total of at least 100 to 150 watts wherever reading, studying, sewing or other close work is done? Protect eyesight . . . and take advantage of these low prices on G-E bulbs for Light Conditioning!

100 WATT . . . for I. E. S. Better Sight table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry. Now only **15c**

150 WATT . . . for light conditioning your kitchen, game room, or home workshop. Now reduced to only **20c**

THREE-LITE MAZDA lamps, for three-light floor lamps or dining room fixtures. 50-100-150 watt, only **45c**

100-200-300 WATT Three-Lite MAZDA lamps, ideal for reading, sewing, entertaining, now reduced to **60c**

75, 60, 40, 25, 15 WATT, only **15c**

BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE ← THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

LISTEN IN. *The G-E Hour of Charm with Dorothy Thompson, and Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, every Monday, 9 to 9:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network (beginning October 3rd)*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
For Better Light... Better Sight

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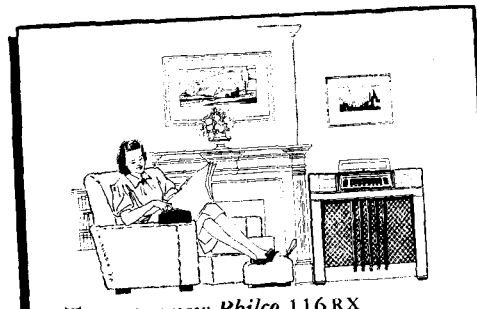
PHILCO *Mystery Control*

...most Thrilling Invention since Radio itself!



Tune your new Philco 116RX from any place in the living room

Carry Philco Mystery Control upstairs or down

Select your dinner music without getting up from the table

...tunes the new Philco from any room in the house without wires or connections to radio, electric outlet or anything else!

Switch off your Philco just before you drop off to sleep

Tune in daytime programs without leaving the kitchen

Choose your favorite programs while resting on the porch

PHILCO *Mystery Control*

. . . a miraculous invention bringing you a new radio comfort and convenience you have never before enjoyed! Think of it—now you tune the radio in your living room *from any part of your home*. From any chair in your living room, from the dining room, kitchen or bedroom, upstairs or downstairs—even outside on your porch or lawn—yes, as far away as you can enjoyably listen, even through doors, windows or ceilings!

What's the secret? Mystery Control, a small, compact unit that operates the new Philco *without wires or plug-in connections of any kind to the radio, electric outlet or anything else.* It revolutionizes all former habits of radio listening! No need to get up from your easy chair. No need to leave your dinner table. No need to pace from all corners of your home to change a program. You just carry the Mystery Control anywhere you wish in your home. And—*without wires or plug-in connections to the radio or anything else*—it tunes in your choice of eight favorite stations, raises and lowers the volume and even turns the radio off.

It's truly unbelievable! It's mystifying! That's why it's called Mystery Control!

The Mystery Control radio illustrated is the new 1939 Philco 116RX . . . (shown with cover of instrument panel raised). It brings you a new beauty in cabinet design that includes all the styling and loveliness of choice woods that the women of America have long desired. The radio presents every new improvement in tone and performance and brings you all that's interesting in the air. In addition to tuning your eight favorite stations with Mystery Control you may tune *all* Standard Broadcast and Foreign and American Short-Wave stations in the regular way with the Finger Tip Disc Controls on the new, handsome Streamline Dial of the radio itself.

See It! Try It! **Philco dealers everywhere are holding continuous demonstrations of Philco Mystery Control. In every community it is the Big News of radio for 1939! Visit your nearest Philco dealer—*see and try Mystery Control*—you'll be amazed and thrilled!**

Find out, too, how easily you may own Philco Mystery Control. Philco dealers offer liberal trade-in allowances; many will accept your present radio as the down payment and give you a year or more to pay the balance, on easy, monthly terms.

Continuous Demonstrations now at all Philco Dealers!

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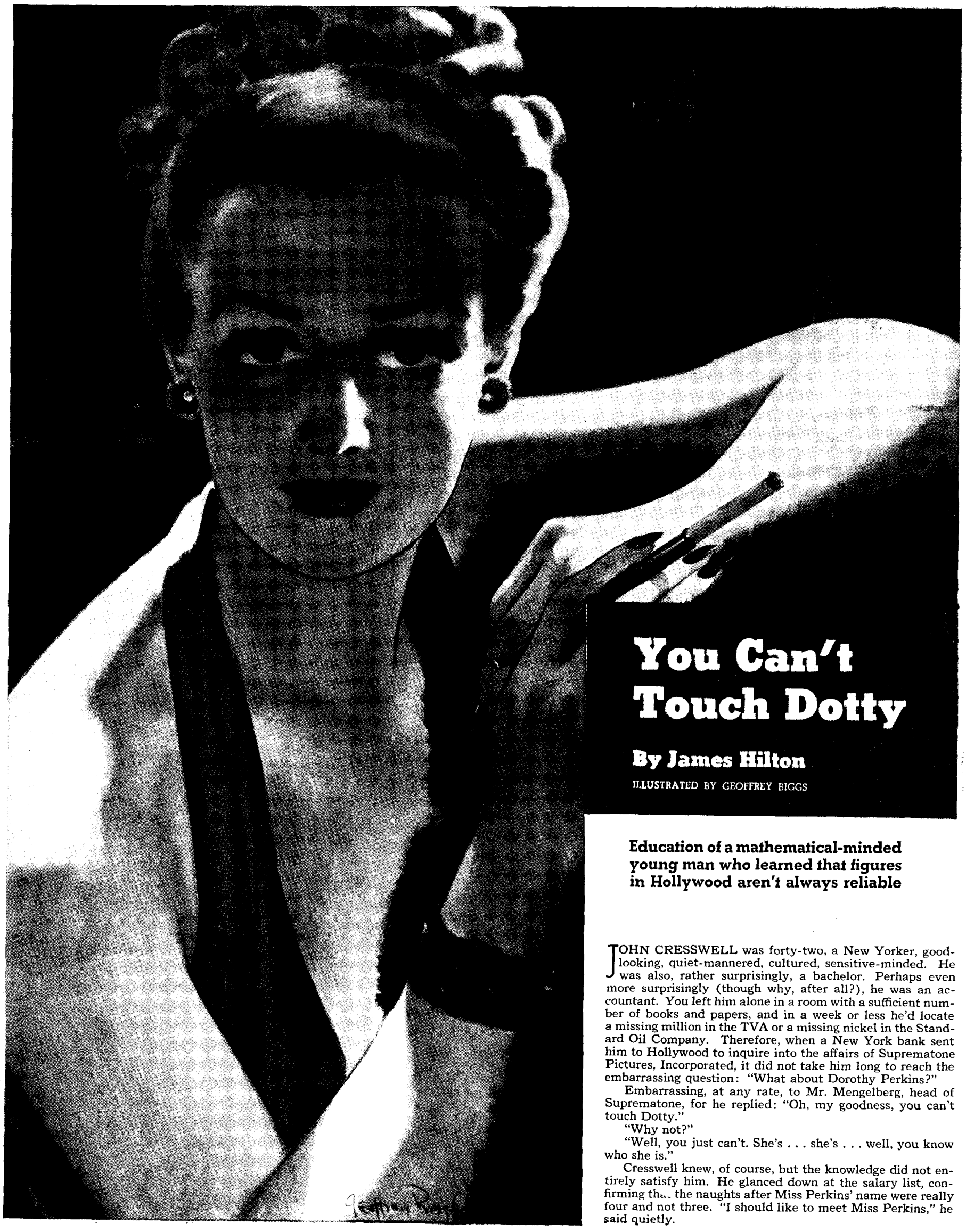

You Can't Touch Dotty

By James Hilton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Education of a mathematical-minded young man who learned that figures in Hollywood aren't always reliable

JOHN CRESSWELL was forty-two, a New Yorker, good-looking, quiet-mannered, cultured, sensitive-minded. He was also, rather surprisingly, a bachelor. Perhaps even more surprisingly (though why, after all?), he was an accountant. You left him alone in a room with a sufficient number of books and papers, and in a week or less he'd locate a missing million in the TVA or a missing nickel in the Standard Oil Company. Therefore, when a New York bank sent him to Hollywood to inquire into the affairs of Suprematone Pictures, Incorporated, it did not take him long to reach the embarrassing question: "What about Dorothy Perkins?"

Embarrassing, at any rate, to Mr. Mengelberg, head of Suprematone, for he replied: "Oh, my goodness, you can't touch Dotty."

"Why not?"

"Well, you just can't. She's . . . she's . . . well, you know who she is."

Cresswell knew, of course, but the knowledge did not entirely satisfy him. He glanced down at the salary list, confirming that the naughts after Miss Perkins' name were really four and not three. "I should like to meet Miss Perkins," he said quietly.

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Mr. Mengelberg, who always agreed with everybody about everything and then went away to act on his own with completely random inconsistency (this had earned him a reputation for tact, quick decision and independence of mind), nodded suavely. "Of course you shall, Mr. Cresswell. And please understand that I welcome this investigation —unreservedly. I want you to meet everybody, ask questions, go everywhere you like. . . . But there's just this snag—if our folks once suspect what you really are, they'll shut up like clams—every one of 'em, from stars down to script girls. So you see how it is?"

"I don't need to meet everybody. But Miss Perkins—"

"Of course. All the same, we want to have things *looking* right, so I've an idea . . . we'll put you in an office with your name over the door and a secretary. . . . Why, yes . . . with your accent—English, isn't it?"

"I didn't know I had one."

"Well, the idea's all right, anyhow. You're a visiting producer. From Europe. England. You were with Korda. Everybody's been with Korda, or else Korda's been with everybody—it's the perfect alibi. . . . Gee, that's an idea—see how things come to me?—just like a flash . . . you'll have a sort of roving commission—go anywhere you like. . . . Now don't tell me you don't know anything about pictures—you don't have to. Ideas, Mr. Cresswell—that's what counts in this industry. There's no science in it, and not much art as yet, and only as much sense as you could scoop up on a fly's leg. But ideas—why, a good idea can shoot you sky-high any day of the week. See how it is?"

MR. CRESSWELL did not entirely see. But he saw a little during his first week in a studio office, during which time he compiled an itemized report to take to Mr. Mengelberg. The two had lunch together with the report on the table between them.

" . . . considerable wastage of office stationery. For instance, Mr. Mengelberg, I asked for some long envelopes. They brought me a box containing a thousand. Fifty would have been ample. . . .

". . . the telephone also. When I visited one of the writers in his office he was talking to his mother in Terre Haute. Quite a long private call. . . .

". . . and the spring-water coolers. I don't know why they should be necessary—in New York we drink the city water without harm—but if they are, surely one on each floor is enough. . . ."

Mr. Mengelberg nodded sagely. "Very valuable, Mr. Cresswell. All these things shall be looked into immediately. We'll put a stop to these fellers phoning their mothers. . . . I hope your bank is satisfied that, on the basis of your report, we shall do our best to . . ."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Mengelberg. That's only the first page of the report." He turned it over. "Now we come to a somewhat larger matter." He paused and asked again that somewhat embarrassing question: "What about Dorothy Perkins?"

Mr. Mengelberg smiled. "She's joining us for coffee in a few minutes. I'll leave the two of you together, then you can ask her any questions you like."

"That's kind of you, but really, you know, the question I'd most like to ask is one that I can hardly put directly to her."

"No?"

"Tell me frankly. Is Miss Perkins worth ten thousand dollars a week?"

"You couldn't get her for less."

"I'm afraid that's not quite the point."

"Look here, Cresswell, I know you're A-1 at the efficiency game, but you can't play it quite the same in a picture studio as in a bank. You're dealing with human beings, Cresswell, not figures in a book. And Dotty Perkins is a human being—"

"I don't deny that. I only suggest—"

"Why, man, she's our biggest star! Don't you know that? Don't you realize what Dotty is—she's a—she's a household word! Folks think of her like they think of—of George Washington or . . . or . . ."

"Al Capone?"

"Yeah, Al Capone if you like. You couldn't build up names like that by ten million dollars' worth of advertising! Even the picture industry don't make 'em like that any more! Here today and gone tomorrow, all these new stars; but Dotty and Chaplin and Garbo and Crawford and a few others—those are the names the public don't forget. Why, if Suprematone didn't have *her*, what *would* we have? And she's loyal, Dotty is—she wouldn't go anywhere else except for more money, and she knows we pay the top prices."

Cresswell digested most of this with a gulp. Then he said: "Tell me something about her—and her career. How did she begin?"

"From the bottom up—like all of us. Drugstore gal in some place. Made her first big hit in Waste."

"When?"

"Oh, ten or twelve years ago. Waste was one of the last of the big silents."

"And it was a success?"

"*Success?* It hit the ceiling for two million dollars. And then Dotty wrote another just like it called Want, and that made another million."

"You say she *wrote* it?"

"Oh, yes. Dotty used to write her own stuff. Of course she don't do it now—we have the best writing team in the whole industry working for her."

"SHE'S versatile, then."

"Versatile?"

"I mean, she can do a good many different things."

"Oh, you bet she can. I tell you, Dotty's been pretty near everything in this industry except the cop at the gate. She and I knew Hollywood Boulevard when it ended up in a trail through orange groves."

"That doesn't make her so young."

"Or so old, either. You wait'll you meet her. You'll be surprised."

It was a true forecast, for when Mr. Cresswell met Miss Perkins a few minutes later he *was* surprised. She was not quite like anything he had expected—if, indeed, he had expected anything definite at all except the kind of face that leers from the front covers of film-fan magazines. He was immediately aware of something—of a slightly inane roguishness in the way she greeted him, of a silly little giggle between her deeply scarlet lips, of a queer schoolgirlish charm lingering behind the desperate efforts of a woman of forty to look twenty years younger. Though he didn't realize it until a subsequent meeting, he fell in love with her instantly; and she was the first woman he had ever fallen in love with—all the rest had been girls when he had been a young man.

As soon as Mr. Mengelberg left them together she started off: "Oh, Mr. Cresswell, I'm so glad to meet you—I've always admired your work—Alex never stopped talking to me about you. . . ."

"Alex?"

"Alex Korda . . . isn't he a dear? Mengy said you worked with him in England. Funny we never met there, isn't it? I love London—the Savoy Grill

(Continued on page 47)

Though he didn't realize it until a subsequent meeting, he fell in love with her instantly

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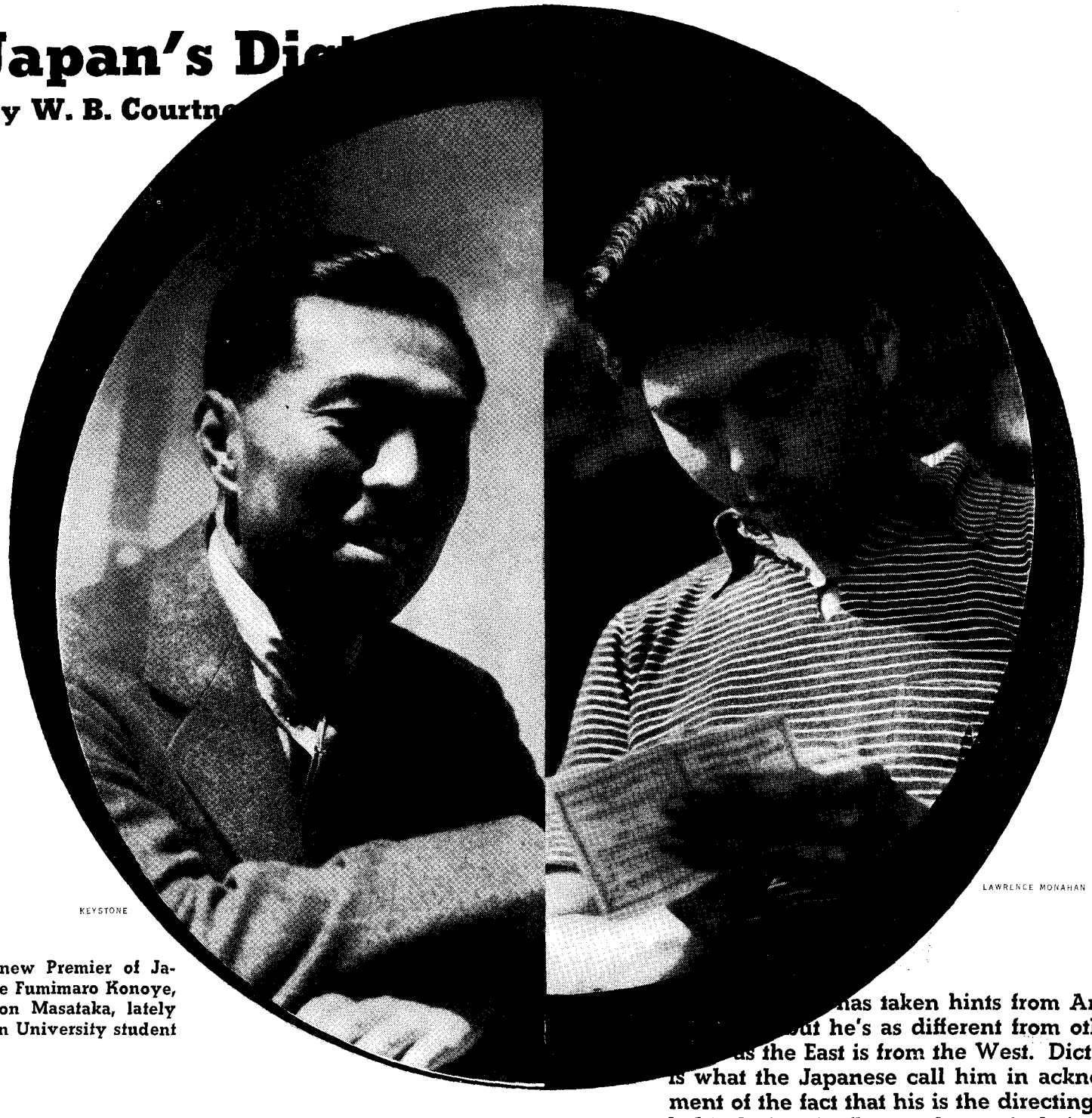
Japan's Di

By W. B. Courtn



KEYSTONE

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Powerful new Premier of Japan, Prince Fumimaro Konoye, and his son Masataka, lately a Princeton University student

...has taken hints from America's ...ut he's as different from other dic... ...s the East is from the West. Dictator-san is what the Japanese call him in acknowledgment of the fact that his is the directing genius behind the far-flung plans of their empire

IT WILL do you no good to try to stop me, even if you have read or heard this before—that Japan is a country wherein people and things go by the book. I'm tired of hearing it, also; but it is one of the few generalizations about a national characteristic for which a fair mind will find abundant proof. And I must remind you of it now in order to help you realize just how unprecedented this event was; just how extraordinary, willful and complex a man is our hero.

It is difficult to know why the youngster, with his perfect freedom of choice, should have first elected to go to Tokyo Imperial University, anyway, with Kyoto Imperial University little more than four hundred kilometers away southwest by rail, though whole spheres removed in cultural values. Classic Kyoto, ancient capital of Nippon; city of shrines and memories, of gracious manners and gentle people who greet you with the tea ceremony. Tokyo, upstart modern capital of big words and neon signs; where lacquerware that chips and will not stand up in the old way is made.

There he was in Tokyo, however, opening his books and settling down for the autumn of 1914. Then, even to far Japan, the rumblings from Europe came. It was more than war, thoughtful people were saying; economic and social forces, great new theories labeled with catch names, were under test. The new student, orphan of illustrious name, had in his lonely youth bitterly observed certain insincerities of the established orders. Now he suddenly remembered hearing of a great and brilliant professor at Kyoto—a Doctor Hajime Kawakami, who taught political science with especial attention to Marxism. So the boy strapped up his kit and journeyed south.

The point was, however, date for registration in Kyoto Imperial University had passed. Registrars—and bursars—are much the same the world over: tough. It made no difference that our young man was a prince—a divine person, in fact, descendant of informal biological experiments of a sun goddess with an adventurous earth chieftain back in the days when vital statistics bureaus did not require a doctor's certificate.

The breathless young traveler from Tokyo rushed into the entrance hall of Kyoto Imperial University, and there actually bumped into the registrar. He told his name and desire, and blurted out the circumstances of his tardiness; but the registrar said the books were closed. The prince set down his slate and pencils and, calling upon one of his most notable gifts, began to argue.

Japan's First Sit-Down Striker

The registrar, marching smugly off, heard a bang; he paused to look back. The young man had slammed his belongings upon the floor, sat himself thereon, and was announcing truculently that, rules or no rules, here he would perch until he was permitted to sign up. The registrar ran the gamut of confusion, from dignity through sternness, persuasion, threats, and coaxing before he retreated into his office to search his files for a precedent and hope the young man would go away. When he peeked out an hour later the rebel was still there; two hours later, the crowd and the applause were growing serious. Three hours—the registrar came forth, bowing and hissing, with a registration blank.

That was the first sit-down strike in Japan, if not in the entire world, the prince tells his friends today, a quarter of a century later, with gloomy pride. This spring, when another and greater crisis entered his life, the victor of Kyoto reverted to his old tactics. He is Prime Minister of Japan now; you know him, Prince Fumimaro Konoye. There was unprecedented trouble, not in a hall of learning but in the corridors of state; alas, Japan's standing in the international community of nations was equivalent to that which our Mr. Machine-Gun Kelly might enjoy if elected to the Senate.

Prince Konoye's cabinet resembled a hockey playoff rather than a council of state.

His foreign office, under pacific and friendly Koki Hirota, wanted a quick truce on the best terms with China; an end to aggressiveness and to strain in overseas friendships.

Admiral Suetsuga, home minister, recognized bugler of the movement for totalitarianism on a European scale, bellowed for an end to party government.

The army—which means, of course, the officers, not the poor conscripts—was pulling this way and that with inner jealousies. The South China faction wanted to gobble everything from Hankow to Canton and the sea, and the devil with whether the Americans in Shanghai, the English in Hong Kong, the French in Hanoi, liked it. Asia for the Asiatics—that is, the Japanese. The North China faction wanted the line set at the Yellow River, and *(Continued on page 50)*

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Their Last Mile

By Robert G. Elliott As told to Albert R. Beatty

"Iron Irene" Schroeder worries about her sweetheart's breakfast eggs as both face death. . . . Hauptmann, bewildered and torn by uncertainty, waits forty terrible minutes to die. . . . Sacco, strapped in the electric chair, shouts a defiant farewell: "Long live anarchy!" Robert G. Elliott, official executioner for six Eastern states, describes the last moments in the lives of those who are condemned to die

II

NO MAN goes to death in the electric chair without fear in his heart. That, of course, is not his only emotion. Courage is usually there with fear, often in amazing degree. The sustaining force may be pride, or defiance, or hate, or the bravado which is an imitation courage, or even a weary acquiescence.

But man does not sit in the electric chair, knowing that a thunderbolt of controlled lightning is about to hurl him headlong into eternity within a few seconds, without fear in his heart. That has been my firm conviction as I have thrown the switch that has killed 370 persons at the order of the courts.

There has been one exception. That was a woman. Her name was Irene Schroeder. I believe she knew no fear.

Irene Schroeder became, on February 23, 1931, the first woman ever to die in the electric chair in the state of Pennsylvania. A series of desperate crimes had preceded her arrest. With Glenn Dague, the automobile salesman who had left his family in a little West Virginia town to go with her, she had slain Corporal Brady Paul, a Pennsylvania state policeman, and wounded Private Ernest Moore as the officers attempted to apprehend the pair in flight from a burglary in Butler, Pennsylvania. In the car as Irene fired the fatal shot was her four-year-old son, Donnie.

Leaving her son with relatives in West Virginia, the two dashed across the country, hunted by the law. Cornered in Arizona, they fought it out with a posse, were captured after their ammunition gave out in a battle with police, and were returned to Pennsylvania for a trial that could have only one conclusion—the walk to the chair.

Faithful to the End

Love is a word carelessly used in the accounts of crime but I firmly believe that Irene Schroeder loved Glenn Dague with full and unfaltering devotion. She was ready to die because without Glenn Dague she felt there could be no life for her.

The prison matrons reported that she was a model prisoner, considerate, making no complaint. On the morning she and Dague were to die, she said to the matron who brought her breakfast: "Please be sure to tell them in the kitchen to fry Glenn's eggs on both sides. He likes them that way."

To the prison chaplain who came to walk with her from her cell to the death chamber, she said quietly: "I'll be perfectly all right. Perhaps you'd better go back to Glenn because I think he needs you more than I do." She realized that she was the stronger of the two now in the last hour just as she had been in their crime-spotted life together when she had dominated him. Now, in recompense, she attempted to assume whatever part of his burden she could.

I watched her as she was brought into the death chamber at precisely seven o'clock that morning, preceded by the chaplain, who had not left her because Dague's own pastor was with him. There was a pleasant smile on her not unattractive face. It was not a smile of defiance or of bravado. The most composed person in the room, she glanced at the witnesses. Her face was alive, her smile kindly, peaceful. With dignity and full willingness, she was ready to pay her debt of a life to the state.

She walked steadily to the chair and sat down, closing her eyes as she did so. I threw the switch at 7:01, exactly a minute after she had entered the death chamber. At 7:05, she was pronounced dead by Dr. W. A. Barrett, the prison physician at Western State Penitentiary.

"Iron Irene," the newspapers had called her. Perhaps that term had applied during her life of crime with Dague. But as she played her role in the grim scene of the death chamber, there was something stronger, yet softer, than iron to make Irene Schroeder the most courageous person I have ever seen on the edge of eternity.

Although I continued in the prison service with one brief exception until 1918, I never performed an execution after that first memorable (to me) experience at Sing Sing in the fall of 1903 until I was appointed official executioner of the state of New York in 1926. John Hulbert, an impassive, nerveless man who "walked alone," had succeeded Edwin Davis as the state executioner. At about the same time, the electric chair was removed from Clinton Prison at Dannemora, where I was, and also from Auburn. All condemned persons thereafter were taken to Sing Sing. That was a tremendous relief. Execution days were bad days among the inmates.

IFOR THOMAS

Executioner Robert G. Elliott at home—a quiet, inconspicuous suburbanite and a good neighbor

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ACME

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ACME

One who died without fear. Most composed of all the many criminals Elliott has executed was "Iron Irene" Schroeder, shown here with Glenn Dague, her partner in crime, with whom she was executed in February, 1931

Below, Henry Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder, whose trial and execution evoked a nationwide blaze of sensational publicity. For Executioner Robert Elliott, a distasteful job

In 1918, with the war in progress, I went to work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, established our present home in Richmond Hill, Long Island, and soon after the war went into the electrical contracting business. It was there that Warden Lewis E. Lawes found me in January, 1926, when the resignation of Hulbert left the state without a man to do its legal killing. Mr. Lawes, who had been a guard at Dannemora when I was chief electrician there, recalled the fact that I was the only available man in the state who had ever put a condemned man to death. Soon afterward, I received similar appointments in Massachusetts and New Jersey, and later in Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Vermont.

Since 1926, traveling from one of these states to another, it has been my lot to put to death by the lethal current more human beings than anyone else in the history of modern penology. They have represented all strata of society. Among them have been five women. Most of them have been unknown, save for the momentary notice that their trials and executions brought them. The names of others have circled the globe in blazing headlines, as did those of Hauptmann and Sacco and Vanzetti.

I have often wondered whether I have executed an innocent man. That thought has flashed through my mind as I have heard a condemned man, strapped in the chair, swear to a clergyman on the name of his mother that he did not commit the crime for which he was about to forfeit his life. I should hate to think that I have executed an innocent man. But the responsibility is not mine. It rests at the door of a society that demands a life for a life.

Three young men went to their doom together at Sing Sing Prison on the night of July 17, 1930. They had been convicted of a slaying in a Buffalo holdup. The first two protested their innocence with their last words. The third walked with firm stride to the chair, turned as he was about to sit down and asked permission to speak. It was granted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are representatives of the state of New York. You have just seen the state kill two innocent men. I have tried previously to save them but my words were no good. As I stand before this funny-looking piece of furniture, I swear before God that they were innocent."

He sat down in the "funny-looking piece of furniture." The mask was put over his head and I affixed the head electrode while a guard applied the leg electrode. A few seconds later, two thousand volts coursed through his body to satisfy the courts and the people of New York.

As I pulled the switch that night to end another human life, I did not know whether that man had spoken the truth when, with his dying words, he had told me and the witnesses that I had just executed two innocent men. It was a terrible, a soul-shrinking thought, but an apt commentary on the insistence of the people in the most enlightened country in the world to demand a life for a life. We'll come back in another article in considerable detail to my views on the right and wrong of capital punishment and my reasons for those views.

A Death-House Humorist

Bravado I have seen often as a wretched man has attempted to go to eternity with a laugh or a quip on his lips but never, I believe, bravado to match that of a gangland character whose name was Appel and who had shot a New York detective. This had been no case of circumstantial evidence. The detective, before losing consciousness, had been able to write the facts on a piece of paper, which was found with his body and which identified the murderer and provided a clean-cut case.

As he sat in the chair, the condemned man turned to the witnesses and said, "Well, folks, you are now about to see a baked Appel." There was no laugh, no smile by anyone to greet this macabre pun of a man in the last minute of his life. There was complete silence—until the crackle of the death-dealing current that hurled him into the next world with the grim jest on his lips. He was, I believe, the most hardened man I have ever seen die in the chair.

Another, as he faced the witnesses, cried out, "What are you laughing at? There is nothing funny about this. What are you laughing at?" There had been no laugh, no smile. I have never seen anyone smile in the death chamber as a man was being strapped in the chair.

One man, upon entering the death chamber, remarked to the guard who was about to apply the leg electrode that "I want to make a complaint. The soup I had for supper tonight was too hot." Another assailed the witnesses as "You spectators, you gate-crashers!" One querulously said, as I adjusted the head electrode, "You're pinching my ear." I carefully remedied that to make his last few seconds as comfortable as possible. One other inquired of the guard, "What kind of a man is this Elliott? Does he know his job?" and asked that I be pointed out to him. He watched me for a few seconds and, apparently satisfied, nodded and sat down in the chair.

Faith for the Condemned

A man who had murdered his wife and his daughter sat down in the chair and said, calmly, "I wouldn't take a ten-year sentence to escape this chair. I deserve to go, and I want to go." Only thirty hours before, he had embraced a religious faith, he was attended by a chaplain representing that faith and apparently had been convinced that the one good deed he could do was to give his life in return for those he had taken.

Religious belief plays a vital part in the ability of condemned men and women to face death in the electric chair. Hardened though the condemned slayer may have been, it is the rare exception to find him approaching the final hour without attempting to make his peace with God. I think this is a major reason for the fact that in all of my experience I have seen only one man who was unable to walk to the chair but had to be carried to it. The clergymen who, hating death in this brutal manifestation, have by their gentleness and firmness succeeded in convincing the condemned that to give up his life now would mean the regaining of it hereafter, have earned my fullest respect and admiration. Likewise, I believe it would be impossible for a man to serve long in the death chamber without coming to a full and certain belief in the hereafter even though his regard for man's treatment of man here below might suffer.

I have never attended plays that dealt with prison life and capital punishment. I rarely attend a motion picture based on those subjects. I didn't go to see The Last Mile, although my friends told me it was an admirable presentation of its subject. But things happen in the death chamber that cannot be put on paper by a man who has not been a part of them—and not adequately even by him.

Ruth Snyder was the first woman I was ever called upon to execute. The case, of course, had been one of the most sensational in the history of New York. Public interest, fed by the lurid newspaper accounts, bordered on hysteria.

Ruth Snyder, young matron of a New York suburb, had been convicted with her lover, Henry Judd Gray, of the

(Continued on page 44)

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Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNA BRADFORD returns home to Morrison University, after two years of travel, to find that her father, President Bradford, is the victim of a scurrilous attack launched by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner hopes to foster his own political ambitions.

Susanna finds herself very much attracted by the suave charm of Professor Gilson, young sociologist, despite his reputation as a philanderer. Also she meets Alec Cornish, assigned to the university on a government research project. Susanna is terrified lest someone discover that six years before, while an undergraduate at Smith College, she had secretly married and divorced Alec. Shortly after she is seen around the campus with Gilson, she receives threatening anonymous letters, which seem to refer to knowledge and exposure of her marriage, in a fashion that will damage her father's reputation as president.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Stevens, brilliant young college daily editor, and Betty Stevens, popular coed. Emery and Betty confide that they suspect Maxie Blotz, an inn proprietor, and Bill Snelling, a reporter, of really being agents of Zimmerman, instructed to uncover—or to create—a scandal that will ruin President Bradford's record.

Carl Gilson receives a threatening letter, as does Julie Lomax, talented young lead in the college's forthcoming varsity show, who has been having a violent love affair with Gilson, which Gilson breaks off. Julie, hurt and disillusioned, gives the letter to Betty, her roommate, who takes it to Emery. They go to Alec for counsel. When Alec reads the letter, he announces that he now knows the writer.

V

EMERY found Perry Henderson in his room after dinner, and this appeared to be Perry's night for intellectual effort. An economics text was open on the arm of his chair and he had spent time and care penciling on a graph of foreign trade till it made a pretty good fan dancer. Now he had taken a breathing spell and was aiming an air pistol over his shoulder, with the help of a mirror, at the row of snapshots pasted above Jake Morton's desk. Jake was a Phi Beta but Perry had never caught the infection.

"Two and a half gets you five I can't wing the blonde with glasses in the middle," Perry said when Emery came in. "Sylvia Borden. You may think she runs to heft in the southern exposure but never forget she's a Phi Beta's girl. I wonder what love's like among the Phi Betas."

"You'll never know," Emery said. "What about your own blonde? Tomorrow's her big night."

Perry missed Sylvia but punctured Jake's physics notebook. "Yeah. But the biggest night isn't the opening—it's the last night."

"But first night gets publicity. I don't think you're seeing enough of Julie." *(Continued on page 37)*

His wrist was seized and the club clattered across the room and Cornish's arms were around him. An iron forearm was across his throat. He tried to scream but his breath was shut off

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The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE course of a desperate effort to avert general war in Europe, Guy Cheshire, England's Chief of Naval Intelligence, uncovers a direct and powerful adversary, a man known as Horace Florestan. Florestan operates under the guise of a supersalesman, a vendor of war materials of every sort. But circumstantial evidence leaves no doubt that he is pre-eminent among spies.

Implicated with Florestan are Cheshire's own aides, Captain Rawson, who commits suicide when Cheshire unmasks him as a traitor, and young Ronnie Hincks. The culpability of the latter is less serious, so Cheshire spares him. Also involved is beautiful Princess Sabine, Italian wife of the powerful American financier, Henry D. Prestley. Cheshire forces her to continue transmitting naval and military documents to her government—but he himself supplies misleading data. Later he permits her lovely young sister, Countess Elida, to take her sister's place in the perilous intrigue.

The man that Cheshire must catch and destroy without delay is Horace Florestan. So far, every effort has failed. Florestan's activities must be stopped if Cheshire's strategy is to be effective—and disastrous war averted.

Cheshire, therefore, ruthlessly decides on a course fraught with peril for lovely young Elida. There is just a chance that Florestan will rise to the bait. To that end, Cheshire asks the girl to have dinner with him at Machinka's Restaurant, a rendezvous for international spies. In spite of Sabine's frightened protests, they meet and Cheshire hands over a sheaf of cleverly forged documents to Elida.

After dinner, Elida leaves the restaurant with the papers she knows to be false but which she must pass on to an intermediary at her country's embassy. Forced into a cab at the door, she is driven to a gloomy building and taken through what seems to be the back entrance of a night club—into the sinister presence of Florestan. He inquires pointedly into the nature of the relationship between a high officer in the British navy and an aristocrat whose ancient house has always heretofore been loyal to Italy. Terrified, Elida demands to know by what right he would question and search a Pelucchi? Silently, Florestan slips a watch from his pocket and points to the inscription inside the cover: "Horace Florestan is one of my trusted band of patriots. He is to receive obedience from all Sons and Daughters of our Country. B. M."

VII

ELIDA stared at the engraved words incredulously. They seemed to grow larger before her eyes.

"The watch was a gift," Florestan went on. "There are only two others similarly inscribed in the world, and one of those is in America. Will you explain to me, if you please, Contessa, the new conditions under which you are working? I ask you again —how did you succeed in corrupting the incorruptible? You see how chivalrously I treat you. Your bag is there. Its contents are at my disposal. They might tell me all that I wish to know. I would rather hear it from your lips, and prove it afterward if I doubted you."

She fought her battle in silence, but the color had left her cheeks. With both hands she gripped her bag. He rose slowly to his feet and leaned over her, closer and closer. A fear greater than any she had yet felt parted her faltering lips.

"Go away!" she cried. "I am suffocating. I cannot talk when you are so near."

His hand rested upon her shoulder. The tips of his fingers touched her cheek for a moment. She could hear the fierce beating of her heart.

"Contessa Elida," he said, "you are very beautiful. The world says you are not so beautiful as your sister. I find you the loveliest woman I have ever seen and you are of my country. We should work together. We might accomplish great things."

He listened to her cry, as she shrank away, with a faint smile of contempt. She had the despairing feeling that she was completely and absolutely trapped; that in another moment, struggle as fiercely as she might, she would be in his embrace.

"You must not touch me!" she cried, although the effort of speech hurt her.

"You little fool," he murmured. "Of what are you afraid?"

"Of you," she faltered, and again the words seemed to blister her dry throat.

"Do you not realize," he said, and now she felt the distance between them becoming only a matter of inches, and herself suffocating, "do you not realize that it is not you I want? I desire you to give me, of your own free will, that bag. If not, I must take it. I must see for myself whether the only Englishman whom our naval chiefs fear has really fallen. Afterward—well, Contessa—we shall see."

THERE was nothing hurried, nothing passionate in his movement, yet she felt that his hand was seeking hers, the arm upon her shoulder was holding her in a grip of iron. Then there came a whirlwind change. The sudden relaxing of his fingers astonished her. He was standing upright, stiff and taut, listening. She, too, was conscious of the first sound she had heard since she had entered the room. From some hidden place near the desk came the soft ringing of a bell. From another hidden place in the wall, curiously brilliant in the dimly lit room, came the glow of a red light behind a small bulb. She felt the burning in her throat lessening, the paralysis of speech and movement passing.

"What is it?" she cried.

He made no answer. It seemed to her that he had become invisible. Then she realized what had happened. The room was in darkness. The lights in the ceiling, the two or three around the walls, the shaded one upon his desk, had gone. At first she was terribly and mortally afraid. She cried out feebly, shrank back in her chair, felt herself surrounded with horrors. Nothing happened. There was a sense of emptiness around her. She stood up. *(Continued on page 24)*

"Dear—" she faltered. That was the end of the speech, for they heard voices in the corridor

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IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

John Perona was a bus boy; Jack Kreindler tended bar, and Sherman Billingsley presided in a drugstore. Unlikely beginnings for the three arbiters of "café society," who tell New Yorkers what to eat, what to drink, how to behave and when to go home

A VERY large, red-faced gentleman with his tie slightly awry was arguing quite volubly with Joe Lopez, who guards the entrance to the Stork Club.

"I got dough to spend," he exploded. "Look."

He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket big enough to choke a heckler and flourished it in front of Joe Lopez.

"What do you mean, 'have I got a reservation?' I can see your joint is half empty. My dough is as good as anybody's. They won't let me in the Morocco. They won't let me in 21. Now you won't let me in here. What's the idea? What's the idea?"

Joe shrugged well-groomed shoulders and said calmly, "I am sorry, sir. No one can come in without a reservation. I guess it is the same at 21 or El Morocco. You must have a reservation, sir."

"Reserve a table for tomorrow night then," the big man grumbled. "I got a party of friends to entertain. A table for eight. Have lots of fizz water in ice. I'm a spending man and when I give a party, it's a party."

"So sorry," Joe purred, "we are all filled tomorrow night. I am so sorry."

The big man's face got red and for a moment I thought he'd explode. Then abruptly he turned and left. I asked Joe why he turned him down.

"Sherman likes nice-looking people in here," Joe explained. "That fellow would have spent a lot of money, sure, but he would have made a lot of noise too and Sherman don't like noisy people in here no matter how much they spend. He likes nice-looking people and it don't matter how much they spend. Kreindler over at 21 and Perona at El Morocco are like that too."

These three emporiums of food, drink and chatter are the three most popular night clubs in the United States. Twenty-one—West 52d Street—is not strictly a night club because it has no music but it is a place that stays open fairly late and it attracts the same type of patronage that the other two places attract. Depressions, vacations, wars or floods mean little to the Stork Club, El Morocco or 21. For years all three have been sensationally successful. A mark of success to a night club or restaurant in New York is the number of would-be patrons who are turned away. As far as Sherman Billingsley who owns the Stork Club, John Perona who owns El Morocco, and Jack Kreindler who owns 21 are able to estimate, these three establishments last year turned away approximately 60,000 would-be patrons.

On the night of the last Army-Notre Dame game the Stork Club was filled far above capacity and before midnight 1,500 people had been turned away. The last important opening we had in New York was the Rogers and Hart opus I Married an Angel. At midnight Jim the doorman at 21 was saying, "Sorry, no more room." Of course there is always room for an old favored customer but the general public can't get in on a busy night. A large society party, an Elsa Maxwell soiree, for instance, will attract a banner crowd to El Morocco when the party gets dull. But you must be known to get past that velvet rope.

All three places like to have "nice-looking people" sitting at tables. There is a fairly large group of New Yorkers that patronizes all three places. Most of them will have a preference for one above the others but they will occasionally appear in each place. These are the regulars, the ones whom Sherman Billingsley, Jack Kreindler and John Perona greet with broad smiles. The smiles are not necessarily purely professional for all three men have many good friends among the customers. These favored regular patrons, a loosely knit group of people from diverse professions and various walks of life, are known by the unflattering title of café society, a term coined back in 1923 by Maury Paul (Cholly Knickerbocker) and since popularized by Walter Winchell and Lucius Beebe, two columnar chroniclers of New York night life.

One must be accepted by Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Kreindler or Mr. Perona to belong to this group. To some extent these three gentlemen are the arbiters of New York's café society. Each has the power of excluding "objectionable" customers, a power that is relegated

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WHITE-HAIRED Chief Speare listened, tense, eyes narrowed, as Jim Edwards, head of the homicide squad, made his report. At last he said: "Sorry, Jim, but that's not the fellow I'm going to hang this crime on."

Jim Edwards gasped.

"Who else could have done it but Bo Davis? He worked for this family; knew where they kept their money and was the only person—get this now—the only person who had a key to the garden tool shed where the murder weapon came from. I've placed him near the house about the time of the murder. He was known to be broke yesterday; today he's got money and spending it in taverns. I figure to check a few more routine angles and the guy's as good as in the electric chair."

The chief replied grimly: "Stick to the Bo Davis trail if you want to. But I'm going to hang this murder on Boston Charlie."

"On Boston Charlie?" The homicide head stared in amazement. "Boston Charlie couldn't have pulled this. It isn't his kind of a job. He's never killed anybody, and never will."

"You've just heard him accused of murder, haven't you?"

"But, Chief," the homicide head was arguing desperately, "you're dead wrong. Besides, we'd have to catch Boston Charlie before we could prove a case. And we can't catch him. We've been trying to find him for eight months," he added ruefully, "and there isn't a copper on the force who can even guess at where he's hiding out."

The chief growled: "Listen, Boston Charlie got out of Ralsing Prison eight months ago. Before he was freed, he bragged to a cellmate that he had two hide-outs in this town where nobody could find him. Told the cellmate that with a line-up like that he could get away with murder—"

"But that's just an expression, a piece of slang!" Jim Edwards shouted it in his exasperation. "Boston Charlie couldn't have pulled this job."

"Why not?"

"Because Bo Davis did it and I can prove it."

"Well, my theory—"

"Whatever it is, it's wrong. Chief, it'll make a joke out of this department. Ruin us. The papers are already riding us hard enough because we can't find Boston Charlie for those other jobs. What will happen if we try to hang this triple murder on him? They'll burn us up!"

"I've thought about that. But the statement stands."

Jim Edwards turned wearily away, only to return.

"Chief," he begged, "I know you've made some swell stabs in the dark. But on this you're plain whacky. Look at it from a common-sense angle. Boston Charlie is probably only paying twenty-five or thirty bucks a day for his hide-out; after all, it only means three months in jail for covering a guy like him. But murder's different, and everybody in the underworld knows it's ten years in this state for anybody who harbors a known murderer. What happens? Instead of a reasonable fee, Boston Charlie would find himself charged a hundred and fifty—two hundred smackers a day, maybe more. Does it add up that Boston Charlie, who's accustomed to making big dough in well-cased hauls, would deliberately do something that's going to cost him dough by the bale? Especially when this murder only netted about six hundred dollars? I'm asking you? Does it add up?"

The chief swung about in his big chair.

"Think I want to tip off a sure bet like Bo Davis, so he can run away from me?" he asked. Then, in a final appeal: "Chief, ask any of Boston Charlie's cellmates at Ralsing and they'll tell you that it's almost a mania with Charlie never to do anything that would even put him in the shadow of the condemned cell. Don't take my word for it; ask 'em!"

"Yeah?" the chief turned to a mass of routine papers. "I'm not interested in cellmates."

"And besides, you can't find him!"

"I heard you say that before," snapped the chief. "We can't find him." Then: "Call in about three o'clock."

"Okay." The homicide head said it without enthusiasm as he opened the door, there to stare at the group of reporters and cameramen who clustered the hallway. Hastily he waved them aside. "No statement!" he insisted. "You'll have to see the chief."

Soon they were thick about the chief's desk. Slowly he eyed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I do not intend to amplify the statement I am about to make. I am going to hang this triple murder on a man you've heard of before—his name is Boston Charlie."

Out of the tangled rush as newsmen ran for pressroom telephones the chief remembered one taunting sentence, flung by a hurrying reporter: "If you can find him!"

The gibe pounded through the officer's head in a hated refrain as an hour, two hours, passed. An officer entered, placing the afternoon papers on the chief's desk. Speare whirled to them. First page after first page—all presented a sequence of criticism. Feeble, impotent police had failed in their efforts to apprehend a man in lesser crimes, so now he had turned to fiendish murder! The chief's eyes caught the stabbing words of a front-page editorial. It called for his resignation.

Slowly he forced himself to read it. He turned to the inside pages of other papers and found other opinions, all derogatory. One hinted at corruption. All carried the plaint: "If the police had caught this man for his other crimes, the city would not now have a slaughtering, blood-crazed Public Enemy Number One—"

THE chief began to pace the floor. Ten minutes went by, twenty. Suddenly he whirled to the ringing of the telephone. A voice said: "Don't try to trace this call, Chief, or I'll hang up."

"You're safe. Go ahead and talk."

"Okay. About a certain guy, I've just seen him; done a favor for him now and then. He's about to get kicked out of his cover joint."

"Yeah? Why?"

"Double-crossed his landlord. Promised he'd never pull anything raw—and look at tonight's papers. He says I've got to take him in—so I promise; stallin', Chief, long enough to get to a phone. I ain't riskin' ten years, no matter how much he denies it. Got a pencil?"

"Yes—go ahead." The chief wrote hurriedly. Then he hung up the telephone for the communicating system. The gleam of the hunt was in his eyes as he snapped commands: "Notify detective department to provide officers for immediate raid at 1857 Despaines Street. Have prowl cars 18, 65, 87 and 36 proceed in readiness to support raid when we need them. Everyone to use extreme vigilance. It's Boston Charlie!"

"Yes, sir!" came the excited answer. "When do we move in on him?"

"When I get there. This is one mug I put the rings on myself!"

Jerking open a drawer of his desk, he pawed with one hand for handcuffs and service revolver as with the other he lifted the receiver of the insistent telephone.

"Chief Speare speaking!" Then he grinned. "Oh, you, Edwards? Just in time. Pick up Bo Davis any time you feel like it. Yeh, I said Bo Davis—for that triple murder."

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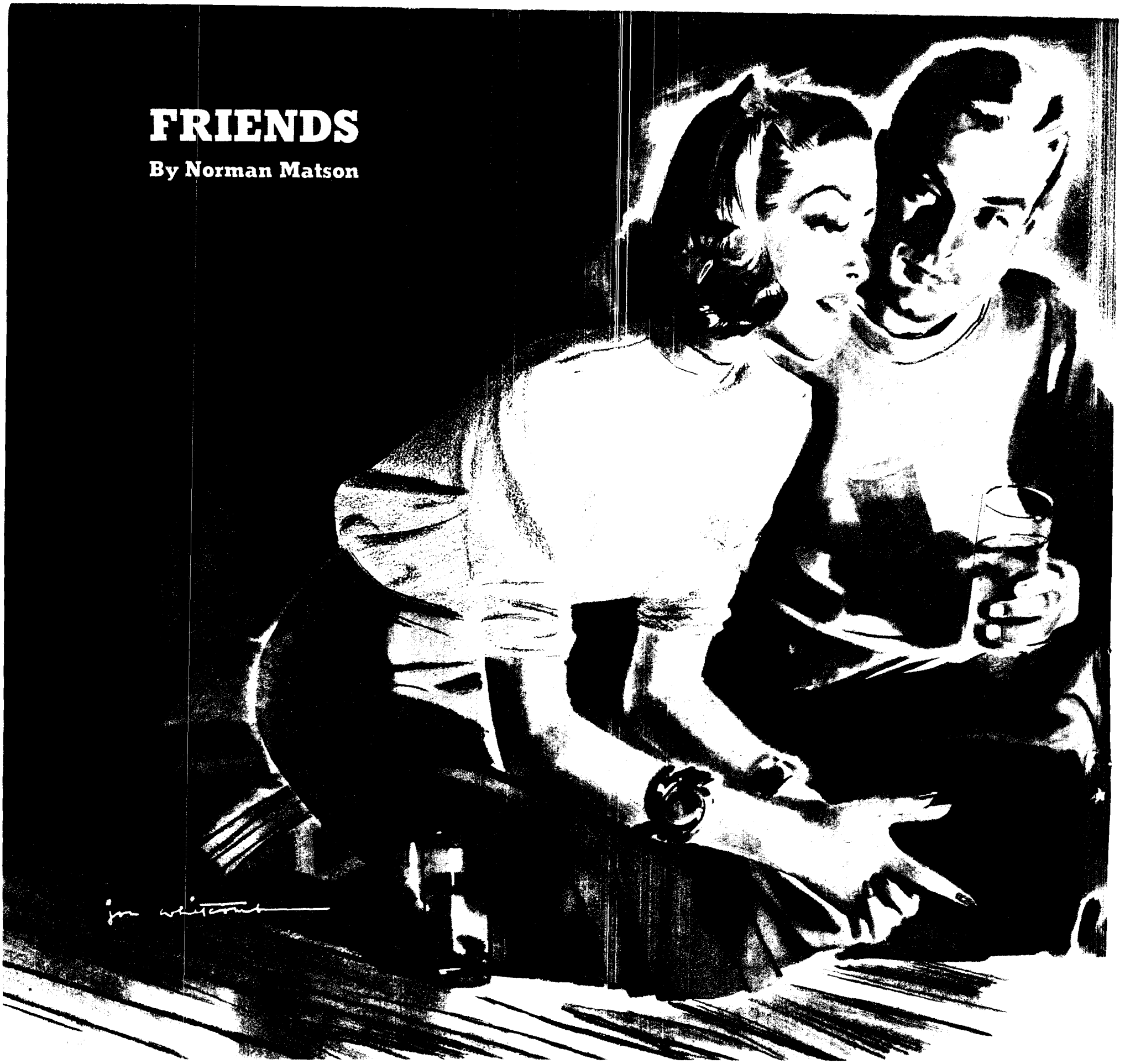
FRIENDS

By Norman Matson



Two men and a girl—and a thousand-dollar check to answer all questions

THE big day, October second, did not look like a big day at first.

A misty rain drifted in across a harbor that had been calm and bright for weeks.

Bill Johnson, a blond and broad-shouldered young man, wearing faded corduroys and a couple of sweat shirts, looked at this rain from the porch of Captain Mathews' cottage, deciding that hope could no longer keep summer alive. "It's over; it's done for," Bill said to himself.

Captain Mathews had two other tenants; one of them was in the doorway back of Bill. His name was Austin Lodge. He asked in a tired voice what the heck Bill found to gaze at out there.

"My immediate future—and is it a dreary sight!"

"If," said Austin, "I only had a little dough . . ."

"The point is, old fellow, that you haven't any dough."

"I said 'if,' old fellow. So as I was saying, if I did I'd climb into the car and go visit my uncle in Florida, the one who sent me fifty dollars last May. You know. I've got one of my infallible hunches that I'm going to get another letter from that Boston lawyer of his today."

Bill had heard about these hunches before. He didn't believe they were infallible.

"Winter might not be bad here," he said, "once we accepted it. Rent would be half. I could sheathe the studio inside, make it tight, put in a big old stove with a kerosene burner. You might like it."

"I don't like being miserable," Austin said, coming out. He was tall and had black hair, a scornful, good-looking face. "How we going to get out of here, no kidding?"

"If we were knee-deep in some lousy trench," Bill told him, "you'd be saying, 'Gosh, remember that wharf? What a lovely, free life. Lovely fish, lovely turnips, lovely cot and nothing to do but paint upside-down boats on the lovely snow.' "

"I don't like lovely snow, and what I don't like worse than that is your lovely optimism. Let's go find Margot Irwin and all cry in a glass of Mr. Cook's beer. . . . Hold everything, there's the gal in person. She going by? Ah," as Captain Mathews' third tenant, a girl in a pale yellow skirt and a brown sweater, opened the gate in the picket fence. "She's coming home."

"Home," Bill said. "Yeah. You know it's been bad enough for her, all three of us living together here through the cuckoo summer. But now the carnival's over."

"She likes our *ménage á trois*—that, old fellow, means triangular housekeeping—and so do I, your reverence. As for the neighbors, hell, in this town they're not surprised at anything artists do. Hi," he called, "there comes Farley's man, aren't you going to wait for him?"

The girl paused. "Nobody writes to us," she said, "we're forgotten." But the mailman did stop.

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"Today, from about 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., like taking five hours to fall downstairs, I've been falling out of love." She paused. "And now I don't know what to do," she added

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Austin was in the window seat of the studio there picking out a suicidal tune on Bill's guitar. He did not look up.

"Cease your mad rejoicing," Margot suggested, "and drink this. It may help you feel more like a painter with a future and less like a grasshopper trying to meet the eye of winter . . ."

"What's the crack about grasshoppers? I've worked my head off."

She flushed and was troubled. "Oh, I meant it for all of us, Austin. It *is* the end of summer, of Indian summer—we've had an extra month, that's what—and we *did* have a wonderfully good time, didn't we? I think we did, anyway. We didn't dance all the time, but we did dance. And have we anything stored up? Go on, now, take it while it's hot."

"No, thanks," Austin said. But after a moment he changed his mind and took the glass she had put on the sea chest beside him. He sipped and looked through small panes at windy, rainy water.

She came back and hovered near him. "Good?"

"It's all right."

Bill thought: "She ought not to show so plainly that she's crazy about him." After a little she came over and sat next to Bill, asked him to look at her recent drawings. As he turned them over slowly he nodded, or grunted, or did not commit himself at all. "And this one," she said, "I saved to the last. It's really the best."

He didn't say anything.

"Isn't it? I know it's odd, one doesn't quite get it at first, but it's the most interesting one. The trees are . . ."

HE INTERRUPTED, "It's not good," he told her. "I don't think it is. Neither do you, really. That's why you favor it, cluck over it." He pulled his head back to get a good look. "It's really very bad," he said.

She stood up, flushed and silent, put the drawings away.

Austin said: "What does he know, Margot? That painter of academic hand-painted snow scenes? Shun him, Margot, and let's you and me go burn up the last two gallons of gasoline in the world. I think I'm going to live, after all. Only to starve to death," he finished morosely.

Bill was looking at Margot. "If you're going out in this drizzle," he said, "you'd better wear a raincoat." And in the same tone, "Your drawings are getting better, though."

"Thanks."

He kept looking at her, pleased and warmed by a sense of her physical strength. She had beautiful hands, rather large, and long legs. Her sweater's warm brown was very good for her color—she was dark, and flushed—and for her figure, too. She was only nineteen but more mature, somehow, than Austin, who was five years older.

"I'll draw as well as you do, some day," she said, still sore. Her voice was all of a piece with her—candid, but warm. Her expressions, too, said what she meant. She didn't mug. Nice girl. Oh, heck, a beautiful girl.

He said easily, "Better, maybe."

"You see," Austin crowed, as she waved a letter, but Margot was saying: "It's for Bill."

Austin swore and went inside, letting the screen door slam.

Margot asked, "What's the matter with him?" She looked anxious. Bill had a feeling he'd had before that though she looked at him she was so concerned elsewhere she did not really see him. "He feeling low?"

"Lower'n a bowlegged mouse. When he ties his shoes," Bill said taking the letter, "he thinks it's his necktie. And he can have this letter if he wants. It's a bill from my dentist in Boston."

They both laughed suddenly, as if this frightful discovery were really funny. He thought: "Pretty teeth, pretty lips, snow white, and, yes, to coin a phrase, red as cherries; that's what they're most like."

"What's the matter? All at once you look solemn. Come on." She took his hand. "Let's go cheer him up."

They found a kettle whistling on Captain Mathews' cookstove and put a hot rum punch together: took it out the back door and across the lane to the wharf.

Then, after they were gone, and the car's sound was gone, all at once the big, high-peaked studio, full of gray north light, was a sterile, dismal place. So was his own interior. What had happened these last few minutes? Was poor old high-strung Austin getting him down, too?

To do something he opened the stand-up desk to put his dentist bill where it belonged. The street number of the envelope's return address wasn't right, though the street was. *W*as it from his dentist? He opened it, suddenly interested. A slip of paper coasted down the air, very white in the shadow. It was a check.

Bill's first impression was that it was a check for a thousand dollars.

HAVING confirmed this first impression he collapsed on the couch. People who get thousand-dollar checks right along wouldn't understand Bill's feelings. Drearily empty a moment before, he was now filled to the bursting point with a clear, wordless rejoicing. Not only over the money, though on that gray day a single crumpled buck would have had for him the exotic charm of a green orchid. . . . It was that this bit of paper signed by an art dealer named A. Schmulski illuminated his future, justified his past, all at one stroke. He had (one) sold three paintings, and now (two) he would be able to study at the League this winter. . . .

Of course, if Austin's folks sent Austin nothing, the check would have to be stretched for both of them; even so, living as Bill knew how to live, even five hundred dollars could be stretched over the whole winter. . . . Oh, it was, no question about it, the best news yet; and he longed to share it, wished that Margot and Austin hadn't gone out. But Austin was sensitive: he might not be so pleased. He'd wish the success had been his. . . .

Bill rehearsed the announcement scene in the spotlight of a very graphic imagination; and he sighed. No, he couldn't just burst out with it. Maybe it would be best to take Margot aside and tell her first. She'd be—just pleased. She'd be impressed. Maybe she'd say—but why should he daydream about what she might say to him? There was one thing, he'd been sensible about her, and was going to continue to be. . . .

Matter of fact, at first, that May morning he learned she had rented the captain's front bedroom, he'd felt sore. He and Austin—new friends—had taken the wharf studio across the lane but they used the captain's kitchen; and now she was going to use it. This changed everything—for the worse, he thought; but it wasn't long before the three of them began to eat together. This not only cut expenses; it was pleasant, and the next thing they knew she was working in the studio with them, too, insisting on paying a third of the rent.

By then, of course, he liked her. She was a good cook, for one thing, as good as Bill was; and they took care of Austin, who wasn't deft, or patient, about the necessary routines of living. He hadn't ever, they learned, been on his own before. . . .

Maybe he'd whisper it: "Margot, you know that dentist bill? Well, believe it or not . . ."

But through some hidden leak in the world Bill's bright joy had seeped away. *(Continued on page 36)*

This bit of paper signed by an art dealer named A. Schmulski illuminated his future, justified his past, all at one stroke

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That sound of crashing underbrush is Omar Gill leading the way to safety. The Hudfield boys, with guns, provide the offstage noises

"I met a buxom female filled with the surgings of charity. We had some cake together, she thinking I was paying, a mild mistake of the moment"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O REID

Headless Horseman

By Frank Condon

AT THE windup of a sunny afternoon, we were deep in consultation with a prominent railway executive, officer and official. It was a conference fraught with moment and importance, for a vital decision was about to be announced. The participants were Harmony Childs, myself and Omar Gill, a trio that has defied the laws of gravitation and the police for years. Harmony and I are notoriously smart and intelligent, but Omar Gill is our weak link. He is not in a place of mental refuge simply because the man with the net has not caught up with him.

The railway executive looked somberly at the three of us and shook his head. He was Conductor 28 on the Georgia Limited, and the conference took up the question of whether we three could ride any farther on the railroad without producing cash. We had paid our fares as far as Martinsburg. From that point, Harmony had talked us onward toward Atlanta, but now the blow was falling. The conference was over.

"No," stated No. 28, meaning no in any language.

"You mean we cannot proceed farther on the train?" Harmony inquired.

"Not unless you buy tickets."

"Very well, sir," said our leader, who usually does the chatting. "Thanks for the ride."

The train was standing in a vine-clad station and we stepped off. Harmony, Omar and self, and that is how three penniless wayfarers chanced to descend upon the community known as Shady City, Georgia, a somnolent and old-fashioned town of the deep South, where you is yawl and sure is show. It is obvious that we were financially demolished. The train departed east, seeming to flip its tail lamp at us with a gesture of derision.

"NOW what do we do?" Omar demanded.

"Sit down and ponder," our leader suggested. "Maybe you can think a couple of bucks into your vest pocket and then we eat."

"And I'm hungry too," Omar replied. "I will take me a walk down yonder street and see does anything happen."

He had his walk, while Harmony and I sat on the station furniture, wondering what becomes of strangers in a town named Shady City. We smoked and meditated. In one hour, Omar returned, looking less famished. He is plump and easily thrown into mental turmoil.

"I found something," he announced. "There is a lawn fete going on for the benefit of sweet charity, given by the ladies of the Christian Church. You can always find ice cream and layer cake at a lawn fete. I had a couple of scuttles."

"Without money?"

"I met a buxom female filled with the surgings of charity. We got to talking. Her name's Japonica. We had some cake together, she thinking I was paying, a mild mistake of the moment. Her last name is Gale. She owns a horse. And we have a job, I do believe."

"Doing what to the horse?" Harmony inquired.

"We train it," chuckled our hero. "It's a galloping horse."

"Sit down on railroad property and let us have the details."

In the ordinary affairs of daily life, our associate, Mr. Gill, is not to be trusted any farther than you can throw a moose. A kindly coot at heart, he is given to prolific blundering. When he hauls us out of a bad situation, he generally shoves us into a worse one, so Harmony and I have learned in pain to be wary.

"Her old man," he continued, "is Colonel Ankeroyd Gale of the Georgia Gales, and it's his horse. There is a full-size race track hereabouts, and the denizens are hoss-crazy. This one don't gallop fast any more. He don't seem to have any git-up-and-go in him. Japonica says that her father says that this horse is greased lightning, if he would only run. But he won't run."

"YOU told us that," said Harmony. "I have met other race horses that won't run."

"I told Japonica I was a horse expert and that you were a trainer and George was a trainer and that we practically live with horses up North. I said you were Colonel Harmony Childs and once owned horses by the string. I said George wrote books about diseases of the horse. I told Japonica I could make any horse run if given a chance, and that the three of us could raise up a deceased horse out of his mortuary grave and win the Brooklyn Handicap. I told—"

"Shut up and so what?"

"So we're going up and call on Ankeroyd Gale, an old Southern colonel living in a moss-covered manse. I gathered that he used to have funds and now hasn't."

"Him and us," Harmony grunted. "No part of this prospect looks good to me."

"There might be a meal in it, as we are invited to dinner at the old homestead. I am going anyhow, as I like meals. Japonica is not a bad-looking female, although built a little like a tug and no longer flushed with youth."

Conditions being what they were, our head man decided that we might as well dine when invited, and as the shades of eventide fell upon Shady City we proceeded to the Gale estate, which was on the side of a hill. We mounted a rise of steps and were in the presence of Japonica Gale, a blond and bright-eyed woman, who greeted us pleasantly, led us inside and introduced us to her father, who was thin, genial and wore the usual standard white whiskers of the South. It turned out that father and daughter were maniacs about horse racing, which required that we pretend we were also enthusiasts and experts in equines, either standing or going.

(Continued on page 31)

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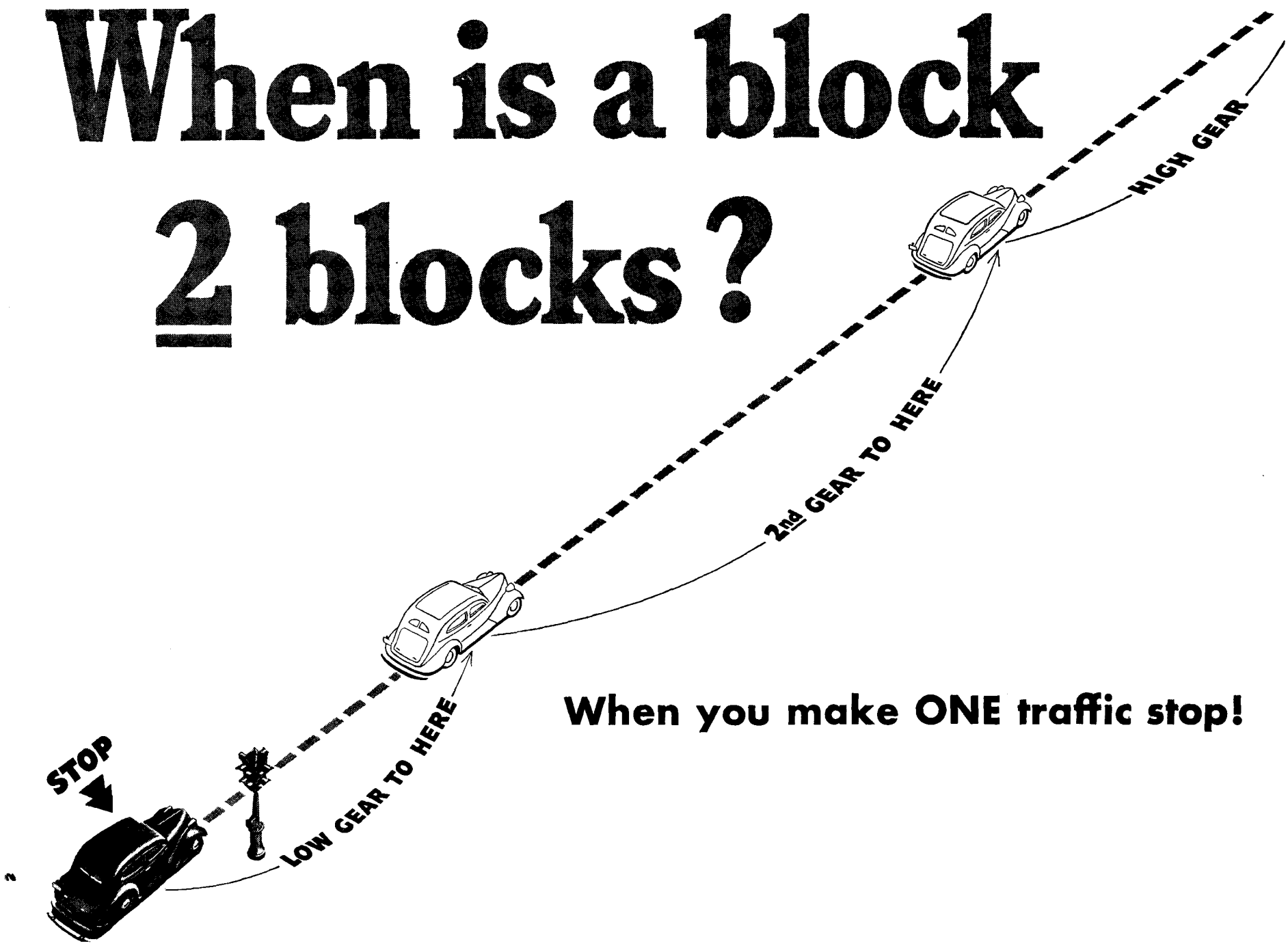
When is a block 2 blocks?



When you make ONE traffic stop!

In STOP and GO, a mile S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—***uses 3 times as much gasoline***

When you start up in low gear, your engine makes *3 times as many revolutions as in high* for each foot your car moves forward.

You shift into second, your engine making *twice* as many revolutions as in high.

In a block where you make one traffic stop, *by actual count, your engine "turns over" enough times to take your car 2 blocks in high gear!*

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible" under all conditions—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

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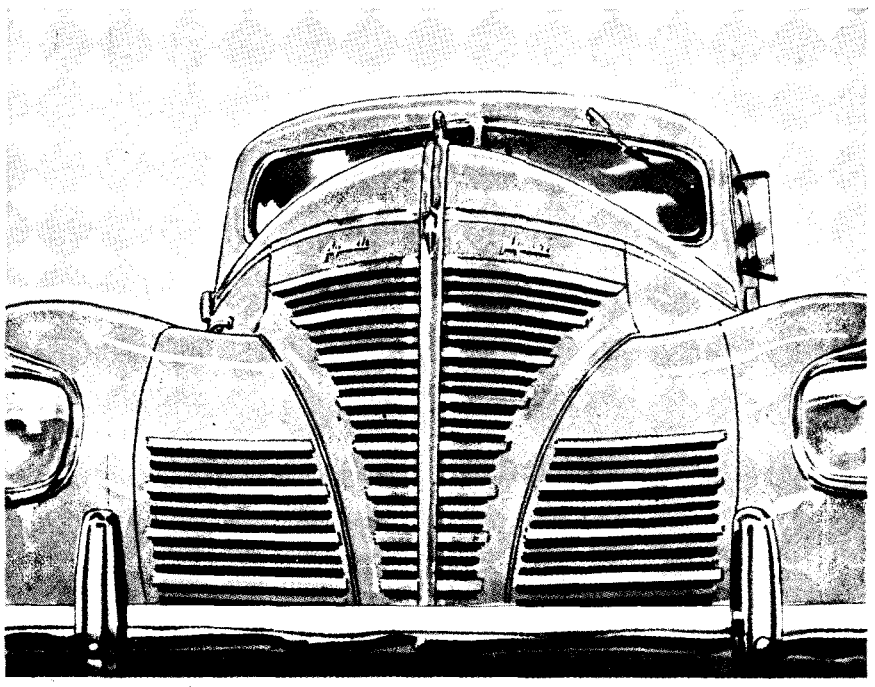
ANNOUNCING THE BIG

"So Beautiful You Won't Believe It's a Low-Priced Car!"

GLAMOROUS NEW DISTINCTION IN STYLING...Lavish New Luxury inside and out...Longer Wheelbase—now 114 inches...New High-Torque En-

BEAUTIFUL NEW DISTINCTIVE STYLING



SO BEAUTIFUL you won't believe it's a low-priced car...the hood is much longer ...fenders are broader and deeper, with built-in headlamps. It's an *all-steel* body...completely rust-proofed, to preserve that glamorous new beauty.

TWO EXCITING NEW MODELS ARE NOW ON DISPLAY—NEW "ROADKING" AND NEW "DE LUXE"

NOW READY for you to see, the most sensational new cars the low-price field has ever known...the brilliant new 1939 Plymouths!

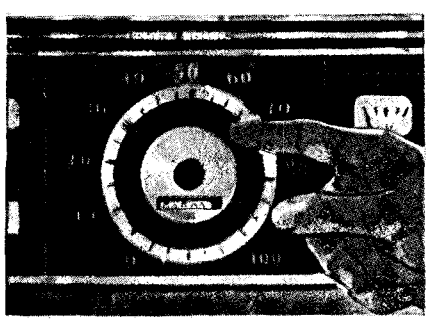
Biggest surprise is Plymouth's magnificent new styling—sweeping modern lines...amazing extra room ...luxurious new upholstery.

And the 1939 Plymouth has a *new ride* that will astonish everybody!

With new Amola Steel Coil Springs, the big new Plymouth gives you an amazingly smooth, soft ride on even the roughest roads. And Plymouth's new True-Steady Steering gives you a new driving "feel." Steering effort is reduced 15%.

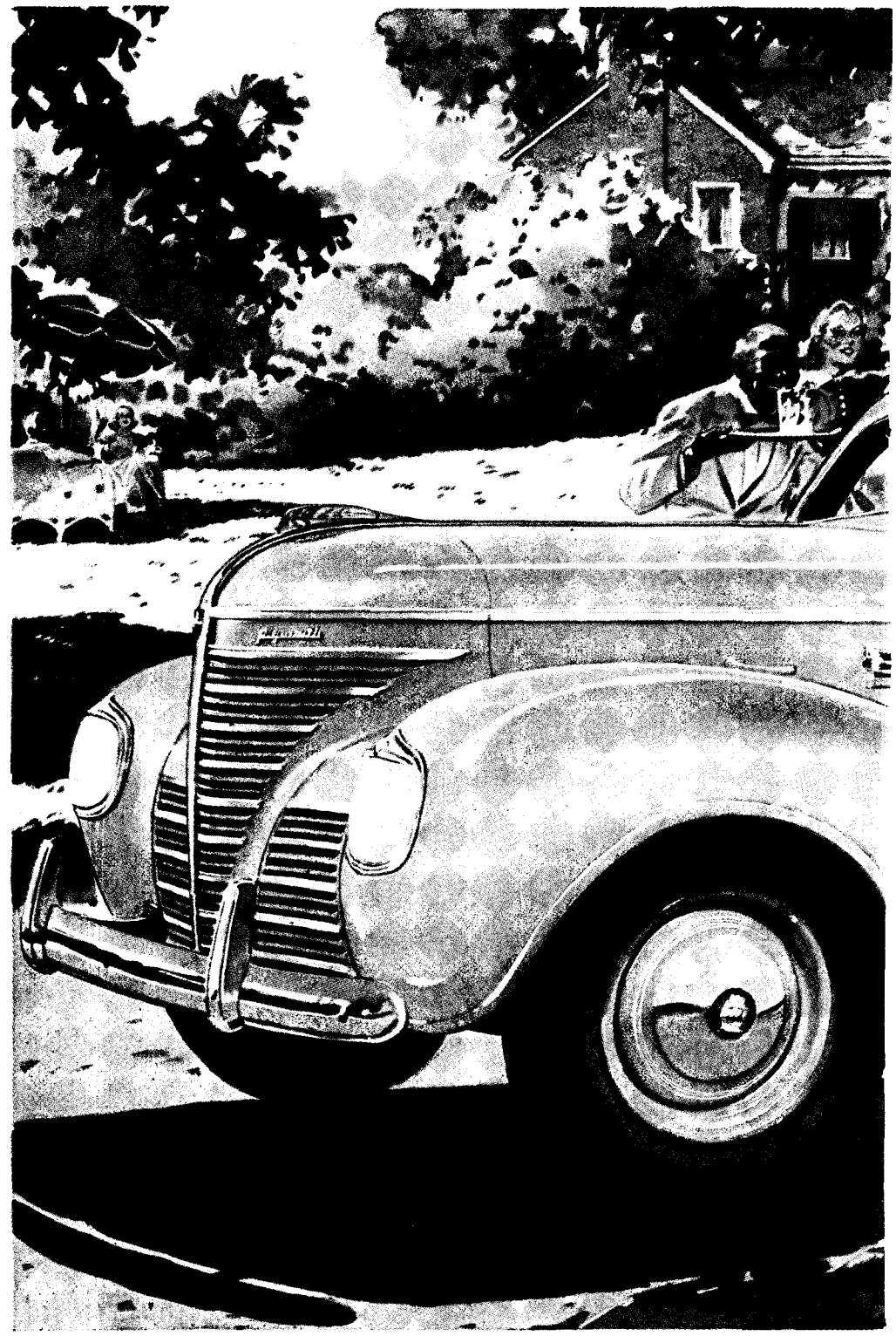
You'll get a new thrill from Plymouth's new High-Torque engine performance. Yet the 1939 Plymouth is *still more economical* in every way... it's "the car that stands up best!"

Look at the great 1939 Plymouth, and you'll agree—it's the biggest, most sensational "value package" ever offered in the lowest-price field! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" Speedometer. Up to 30 miles an hour the light shows green...30 to 50 m.p.h., amber...and over 50 m.p.h., a warning red.

NEW INTERIOR COMFORT in all weather! New wet-weather ventilation—standard in De Luxe models—provides fresh air, regardless of rain or snow.



THE GLAMOROUS NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH! It is brilliantly new in styling, new in com fort, new in safety, new in economy. Experience the new smoothness of its improve

PLYMOUTH I
GREAT CA

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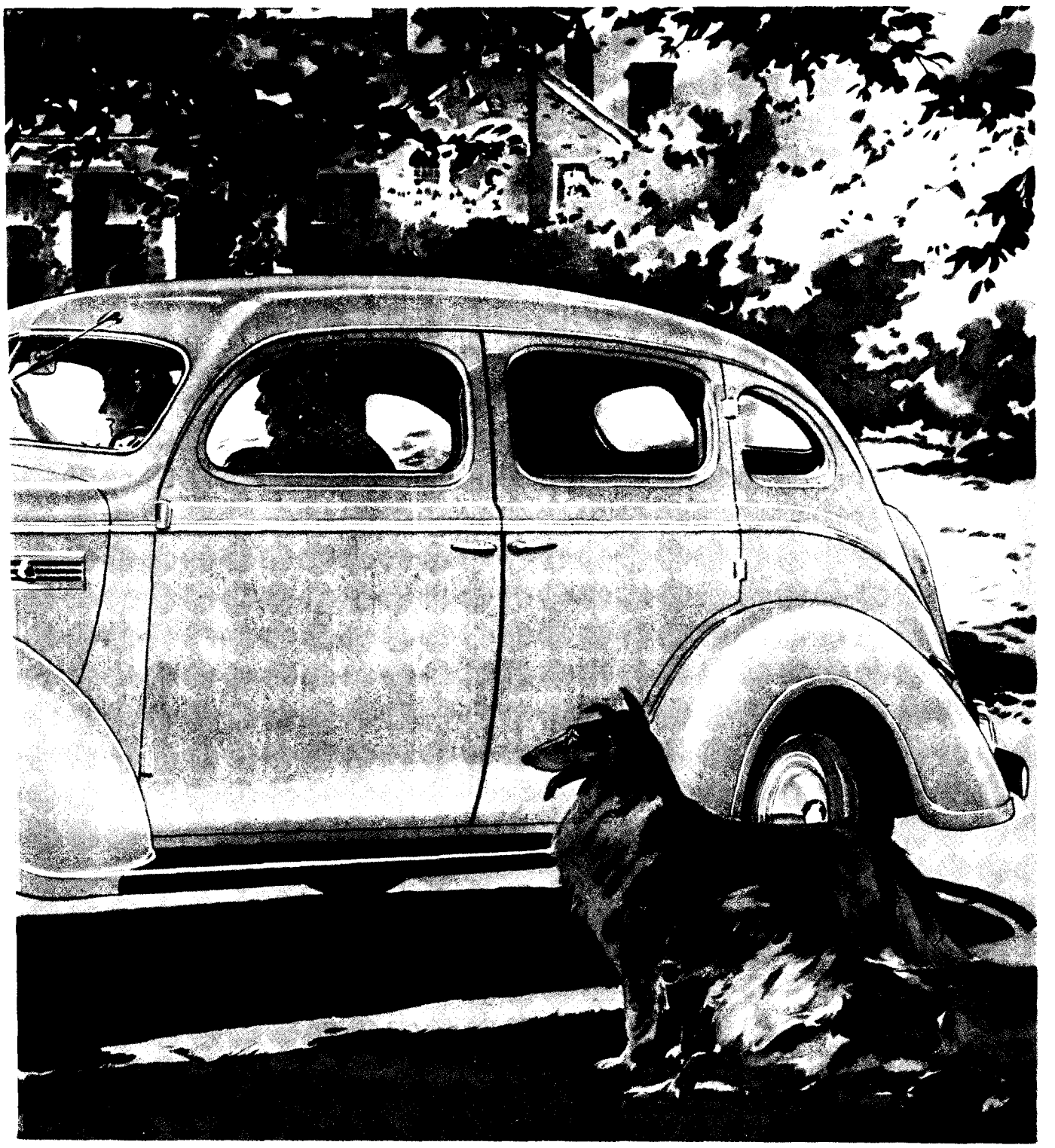
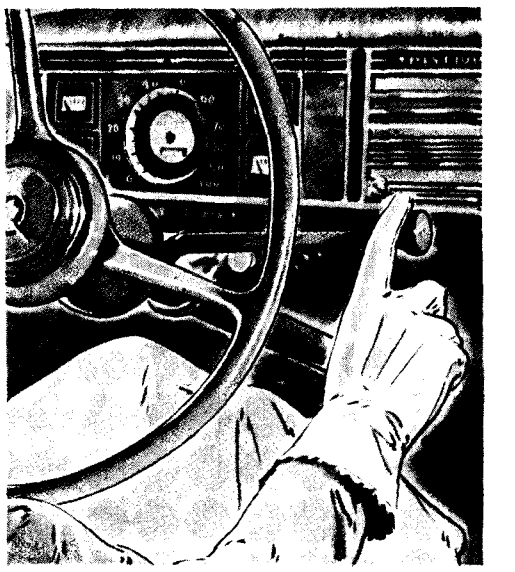
NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH

ine Performance—with New Economy...Perfected Remote Control Shifting...New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission...New Amola Steel Coil Springs...Improved Airplane-type Shock Absorbers ..New True-Steady Steering...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer...A Sensational New Ride!



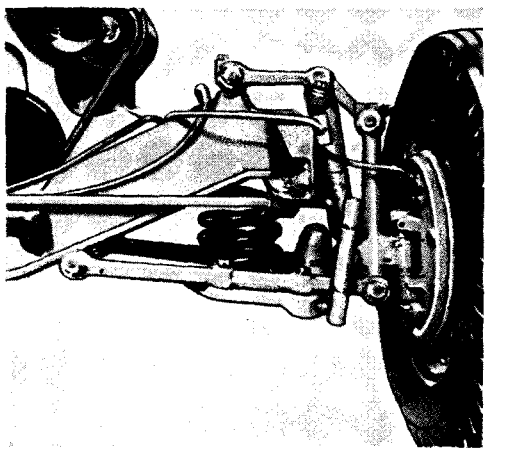
ating Power engine mountings, its easier-acting hydraulic brakes. Relax in the restful quiet of Plymouth's "radio dio" sound-proofing. This great new car is now on display at your nearby Plymouth dealer. See it today!

SHIFT THIS EASIER WAY



PERFECTED Remote Control Gear Shifting —with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission —standard equipment on De Luxe models. Nothing new to learn...easier to operate than a shift lever in the floor.

NEW RIDING COMFORT



THE FINEST front springing in the industry gives Plymouth its wonderful new ride... new Amola Steel Coil Springs. Amola Steel is the new marvel in metallurgy!

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR

UILDS

RS

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

EASY TO BUY

The new Plymouth's low price and easy terms make it exceptionally easy to own. Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price . . . the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. See your nearby Plymouth dealer today.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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Don Herold Says:

Maybe ONCE men thought Mum "sissy"

The thing men are scaredest of, is being thought softies.

This is a survival of the little boy instinct to want to appear tough—not feminine.

But male ideas about some things change. I can remember when it was almost thought sissy if you didn't chaw terbaccer. And I'll bet our ancestors once thought it weak to shave or even to bathe. We still have remnants of those cave-man prejudices in us.

Men took to Mum slowly. At first they stood up for their right to be themselves in every offensive sense of the word. Besides, women are quicker in all the niceties of life and they had found Mum first. *That* was against it, for men.

But look at this matter sanely. Why a double standard of personal cleanliness and personal acceptability? Shouldn't men be and *seem* just as immaculate as women in such things?

Hundreds of thousands of men think so. They now make a daily morning habit of using dabs of Mum underarm to preserve that after-bath freshness. They also use Mum again before evenings out. And many use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Mum is a pleasant cream which definitely stops underarm perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration. It is soothing to the skin, and harmless to clothes.

Try a free sample of Mum and see if, for one thing, you don't like *yourself* better. Send your name today on the margin of this page to Bristol-Myers, Dept. M1-108, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Spymaster

Continued from page 15

stumbled toward the desk, filled the room with her cries. There was no reply. Gradually she realized that she was alone.

ELIDA was never really sure whether she lost consciousness or not. It seemed to her that there was a blank interval but she had no measure of time which could reveal it. She was back in her chair when the door appeared suddenly to be miraculously open. There were half a dozen men in the room. The flashlights they carried seemed like pinpricks of fire, but their voices were gruff and reassuring. The lamp flamed out upon the desk. A friendly voice sounded in her ear. A middle-aged man in plain, dark clothes was standing by her side.

"The Contessa Pelucchi?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"I am Colonel Partridge in charge of a squad from Scotland Yard," he explained. "We want this fellow Florestan. He was here a moment ago."

"Was it a moment ago?" she asked. "I was frightened. I scarcely remember."

"I think you must have fainted," he said kindly. "You don't remember how he got away?"

She shook her head.

"He was here, standing where you are. Then the darkness came."

They continued the search but there was no Florestan.

"HAVING no diamond?" the deputy commissioner asked Cheshire suspiciously toward the close of their first rubber on the following evening.

"If I have, it's up my sleeve where you won't get at it," was the terse reply. "Strange though it may seem, I have no diamond. I have therefore trumped the trick," he added, gathering it up. "We get our contract and the rubber is ours."

"Our only chance," Fakenham grunted.

"I thought the blighter had another," Prestley observed.

"Anyone going to play another rubber?" Melville asked.

"I can't," Cheshire groaned. "I have to dine early and give a lecture to the younger generation."

"I don't want to play again," the deputy commissioner decided. "I'll play you bezique, Cheshire, in the back room until you have to go."

They passed into the back room. Melville closed the door behind him. Cheshire drew up a chair to one of the small tables and held his head for a moment between his hands.

"Get on with it, Melville, quickly," he begged. "Nothing been heard of the fellow, I suppose?"

"Not a thing. I am inclined to agree with Partridge—he believes he has gone to earth somewhere in Soho. I can draw you a rough plan of his getaway, if you would like to have it."

Cheshire shook his head.

"Waste of time," he groaned. "It is our own fault, in a way. A club with three empty houses on one side and a cul de sac beyond can do just about what it likes."

"Can't blame Partridge," Melville said. "We occupied two houses and we had a dozen men posted round the club itself. The fellow must have gone through the cellars underneath, where some of my men were, and when he got to Firth Street the thing was easy."

"There's a taxicab stand in Firth Street," Cheshire remarked.

His companion nodded.

"There was only one cab fetched away within an hour of the time we raided the club," he reported. "Partridge is hot on the tracks of the driver but I don't think it will do him much good. He was hailed by a man coming in the opposite direction and they seem to have picked up a lady afterward."

"What about Holborn?"

"Well, Partridge went there himself," Melville replied. "They simply looked upon him as a lunatic. Florestan is apparently the most important man in the business. They showed me a telegram from him signed 'Florestan' sent yesterday from Belgium confirming his purchase of thousands of tons of steel plates, or something of the sort. They won't listen to any suggestion that it is an unusual thing for a man to be traveling on the Continent and in England without leaving any indication as to his whereabouts."

"What possible explanation can they offer?" Cheshire asked curiously.

"Simply that their Mr. Florestan is known to be the keenest buyer of metals in the trade, and if his competitors knew where he went they would all follow him and up would go the price. That is why he keeps his movements so secret. As for the club itself, of course we knew there was nothing to be found there. The secretary seems to be a very respectable Italian importer who gave the police every assistance last night. There was no drinking and the class of people there, were, so far as one could see, just wives and families of the tradespeople who belong. With regard to Florestan, they made no secret whatever about the fact that he was one of the firm of Brown, Shipman & Co., and president of the club. But no one there seemed to have the least knowledge of the existence of the secret passage and there is not even a book in the place to suggest that anything illegal was going on."

"I don't suppose there was," Cheshire observed. "How did they account for the secret passage, though?"

"They all declared that they knew not a thing about it. I would have sent for you to hear the cross-examination but you know how keen you were to be kept out of it."

Cheshire nodded.

"I did expect to hear something about the young lady, though," he said.

"DO YOU mean to say that you have not seen or heard from her?" Melville asked incredulously.

"Not I. I wouldn't telephone or go near her for the world."

"You don't know then that she was in a dead faint when Partridge forced open the door? She must have had a horrible time."

"I can't help it."

Melville looked at his companion curiously.

"For a man of gallantry," he observed, "you seem to have allowed this young lady to take on pretty considerable risks."

"Risks be damned!" was the bitter reply. "I let the girl go to face what she had to face because I believed she would lead your people to Florestan."

"You are rather a brute, but you are certainly consistent," the deputy commissioner agreed grudgingly.

"Consistent," Cheshire scoffed. "I played the game that was worth playing and it nearly came off."

Melville threw his cigar into the grate.

"I'm sorry, Cheshire," he said. "You make me feel like a schoolboy. Anyhow, things might have been a great deal worse. Nothing more terrible happened to the Contessa than a nasty shock. Partridge himself took her home. They waited for an hour and then he sent her to the embassy with a plain-clothes escort in my own private car. At midnight she reported that she had delivered the package to the right person in the right way. The embassy plane left at four o'clock and your stuff went out with the rest of the diplomatic dispatches."

Cheshire rose to his feet. He walked over to the fireplace, struck a match and lit his pipe.

"Florestan is somewhere close around," he declared. "His business is here with us—not abroad. If they drive him out of Soho I'll tell you now, Melville, where he will make for. The Milan. Do you get that? He has corner rooms at the Milan in the name of Copeland. I shouldn't be surprised to see him dancing with the crowd tonight or taking a drink at the bar!"

"Have you anything to go on?" Melville asked. "Why do you think he would take such a tremendous risk as to go to the Milan?"

"Luvva Mike! Next time a guy asks t' see me, find out what he wants first!"

JAY IRVING

"Because he's clever enough to do the entirely obvious thing when he's in a fix," Cheshire replied. "Wipe everything else out of your mind for the moment, Melville. It's Florestan, always Florestan. Don't telephone to me. If there is any news, send me round a perfectly reliable man at midnight to my rooms. No papers or cards. No message. I will leave word for a Mr. Brown to be shown up, if he comes. Midnight exactly."

THE closest of espionage to which he could have been subjected would have discovered nothing in Admiral Cheshire's movements during the remainder of that evening to have given rise to a moment's suspicion. He arrived at his rooms at the Milan Court at the usual time, received a couple of telephone messages, one asking him to dine with a cousin at the Beefsteak Club, another enclosing a ticket for a theater and an

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invitation to supper afterward from some country friends.

Both these affairs had been dealt with by his social secretary, who reported that no other telephone messages had been received and there had been no callers. Cheshire dismissed him for the night, took his bath and changed, ordered a light dinner which he had served in solitude with an evening paper propped up in front of him. Afterward, he wrote three letters by hand, taking them down to the post himself, and strolled across the entrance hall toward the balcony lounge where a small crowd of men and women were drinking before-supper cocktails and watching the crowd dancing below. He lingered for a few minutes at the top of the steps, exchanged greetings with one or two of the maîtres d'hôtels who hurried up, and shook his head in reply to various invitations.

"No supper for me, tonight, Joseph," he remarked to the small dark man who was urging him to occupy a table in a retired corner. "I may come in later with friends. Just came down to have a look at you. Business good, as usual, I see."

"Marvelous," the man replied. "Every night it is the same. This war scare seems to bring people instead of keeping them away."

CHESHIRE nodded and took his leave. He had accomplished his purpose if it should be necessary. He had established an alibi. He turned his back upon the room and glanced carelessly enough round at the other lookers-on. Suddenly he stiffened. A junoesque-looking lady in a very beautiful black evening gown, undoubtedly handsome, gloriously flamboyant, had deliberately smiled at him from her solitary table in the corner. Cheshire did not hesitate for a moment. He threaded his way through the crowded space toward her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Florestan—or ought I to say Mrs. Copeland?" he said, bowing over her hand.

He took care to show no signs of surprise. She looked up at him out of those curious and wonderful eyes. There was the same faintly ironical smile upon her full, voluptuous lips.

"Mrs. Florestan is my correct name," she told him. "My husband took his apartment here under another name as he has so many continental clients who stay here, and whom he is not always anxious to see. You did not disclose the whole of your own, by the by, when you came to pay us that little visit."

"Admiral Cheshire, if you prefer it," he replied briskly. "Sometimes it is convenient to forget one's title. How is your aggressive husband?"

"Oh, all right, I suppose," she answered. "He is away somewhere. An inconvenient sort of husband to have," she went on with a suggestive upward glance. "Never gives his poor wife a chance. She never knows when he is coming home, or perhaps you would add, going away. Will you not sit down?"

Cheshire sank into a chair by her side.

"Won't you have a cocktail?" he asked.

"I should love a champagne cocktail," she told him. "Not too much bitters."

"Have it without any at all," he suggested. "What's the good of spoiling good wine?"

"Very well," she agreed.

He ordered a bottle and made some reference to the music, which she ignored.

"I did not think I should see you again," she remarked. "You had a quarrel with Horace, did you not, after I left that night?"

"He was a trifle overhospitable," Cheshire assented. "Didn't seem to like parting with me. What's become of that servant of yours—the one with the fringe?"

"She has disappeared," Mrs. Florestan confided a little bitterly. "They are all the same. You cannot find servants for small houses. What Horace keeps that wretched place on for I cannot imagine, when the firm gives him a suite up here just to entertain his foreign customers in. I am a foreign customer, myself, at the moment," she added with a laugh. "I hate Kensington."

"Are you waiting for friends?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I dress up and come and sit here most evenings just to watch the people arrive for dinner or supper."

"It seems scarcely an exciting life," he remarked.

"I have not the good fortune," she rejoined. "There is no one to make it exciting for me."

"Where is your husband?"

"Who knows? I wrote to the firm yesterday to inquire and incidentally to complain. Of his bills here I take no account. I come when I choose. I am established here now. They never ask for money. I pay none. I just sign. But I needed money for other purposes when I wrote to the firm."

"What did they do about it?" he inquired curiously.

"Sent me a check for two hundred pounds. Hoped it was enough. Assured me that my husband was deeply engaged upon some important contracts for the firm and that I might consider them my bankers if I needed more money. I sent them a batch of dressmakers' bills. I hope they like it."

"He never asks you to help him in his work?" Cheshire observed blandly.

"I do not even know what his work is," she drawled.

Cheshire sipped his wine thoughtfully.

"Are you not sometimes curious?"

She looked at him with meditation in her large eyes—eyes of an uncertain color—and a look from Mrs. Florestan was something worth remembering.

"I am afraid of my husband," she confessed.

"So am I," Cheshire admitted. "What a joke!"

"What should you do if he came in at this moment?" she asked.

"Run for my life," he assured her.

ONCE more the smile trembled at the corners of her full and shapely lips.

"That," she said, "I do not believe. I am sure that you would fight with him if it was necessary but I am sure that he would win."

"He seems to have had his own way with me pretty well up till now," Cheshire sighed.

"He will to the end," she told him. "Horace Florestan has been a mystery to me ever since we met. Why he married me I do not know. He simply told me that he intended to and he did. Every now and then he is my husband again, then he goes. He becomes a stranger. I am afraid of him. I never know when he is going to change. I never know when he is about to become a human being, but until he does, all that I do is wait, all that I feel is fear."

"A strange marriage," he murmured.

"You have said a true thing," she agreed. "No one knows how strange. Think—what is the greatest resource of a woman left like me? Reading? I cannot read. I will tell you why. There are no books written about men like my husband or women like me. I lose interest in this mob," she went on, with a wave of her hand. "They are all the same. I know just what they are going to do, how they feel, almost what they are going to eat. They are living the lives of ordinary human beings. Horace Florestan is not, and through him I am

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
TRAILER TRIP
WELL, CHUBBINS, I GUESS THE OLD TRAILER'S GOT ITS BEST BIB AND TUCKER ON FOR THE COMPANY FROM BACK HOME
IT WAS NICE OF THE SHERIFF TO INCLUDE VISITING US ON HIS TRIP OUT HERE
A REUNION IN NEW ENGLAND
WELCOME, SHERIFF AND MARY. DID YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING US?
NONE AT ALL, YOU OLD RASCAL. FINDING PEOPLE IS MY BUSINESS, ROB. HA/HA!
YOU TWO GIPSIES LOOK LIKE THE PICTURE OF HEALTH
I BET YOU'VE HAD SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES GETTING OUT HERE, SHERIFF
PLENTY, ROB, BUT THE BEST ONE WAS WHEN WE GOT STUCK ON A COUNTRY ROAD----
ISN'T IT QUAINT?
AT STORROWTON, MASS. ORIGINAL COLONIAL BUILDINGS WERE MOVED HERE IN PIECES AND RESTORED TO FORM A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE
WELL, WE'RE STUCK, ALL RIGHT. NOW WHAT WILL WE DO?
THERE'S A FARMER RUNNING A TRACTOR OVER THERE. HE OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MACHINERY. I'LL GET HIM
WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU OUT. WOULD YOU MIND TO GIVE ME SOME OF YOUR TOBACCO? I JUST RUN SHORT ON MINE
IT'S A PLEASURE. HELP YOURSELF
LATER....
WELL, OUR CAR'S RUNNING AGAIN LIKE NEW. WHAT DO WE OWE YOU?
MISTER, I'LL CHARGE YOU JUST ONE MORE PIPELOAD O' YOUR TOBACCO. IT'S AMAZING HOW MILD AND TASTY THAT PRINCE ALBERT IS!
WELL, SHERIFF, I SEE YOU'RE STILL THE PIPE-SMOKER'S BEST FRIEND--- SPREADING THE GOOD WORD ON PIPE-JOY FAR AND WIDE
WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT ANY FRIEND OF MINE TO MISS OUT ON P.A. IT GIVES A MAN A NEW ANGLE ON PIPE-PLEASURE!
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not. He is the Bluebeard of today. It is I who live in the cupboard. He locks the door. I bore holes and look out. That is how I see life."

He refilled her glass and his own, pushed his case toward her and held a match for her cigarette.

"Exactly what should you do if he walked in now?" he asked.

"Faint," she answered. "If our eyes met I should faint, because I should know that he understood what I was feeling."

"What are you feeling?"

She turned her head and looked at him. He forgot the woman he had first seen in that tawdry suburban sitting room. She seemed at that moment something wholly pagan, yet something with a queer quality of enticement. The light shone in her strange eyes, her lips were trembling.

"You are too little of a man, and I am too much of a woman, or you would know," she told him.

The pause which followed, vibrant yet embarrassing, was curiously broken in upon. The man with the evil mouth, sallow complexion and jet black hair, seemed to appear from nowhere. As a matter of fact, he had left a party of friends who stood waiting for him upon the steps. Cheshire recognized him with amazement.

"Madame!" the newcomer exclaimed, as he made Mrs. Florestan a formal and tremulous bow. "Monsieur," he added with a glance toward Cheshire.

She looked at him lazily. There was distaste and also anger in her tone.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Ludini?"

"Madame, I am with friends," he answered. "I had not the thought of seeing you."

"Where is my husband?"

"No man living could ever answer that question unless he were within sight," was the fearsome rejoinder.

"Why do you address me?"

"Because you have the courage which only fools have," he answered. "Also your companion. He has had one escape. Next time he will not have the chance. You two together—it is more than formidable, that—it is disaster, if he should chance to come."

"I HAVE just heard your name for the first time," Cheshire, who had made up his mind as to his course of action during the last few seconds, intervened. "I never heard it before and I have no wish to hear it again, but if you want to have supper with your friends tonight run along and join them. I have a fancy that it would not be difficult to place you in a police cell instead."

"I took my risks when I addressed you," the man replied, "but it would do you no good to adopt that attitude. I gave you credit for a certain amount of intelligence, which apparently you possess. I am powerless. I am less than a pawn in the game. Find my master, if you are looking for death. Keep away from him and everything that belongs to him, and everybody who knows him, if you wish to live."

Ludini seemed to disappear as silently and as swiftly as he had come. Cheshire leaned back in his chair.

"I should like to see more of this extraordinary man—your husband," he remarked cheerfully. "He seems to appear and disappear at will, to behave, in short, as though he had wings underneath his coat, and to put the fear of God into everyone. That man Ludini who has just gone shivered as he spoke of him. You yourself admit that he terrifies you."

"He terrifies me," she admitted, "because he lights fires that he cannot quench, because I have seen all those who have stood in his way go to their death. I would give everything a woman can give in life to be rid of that fear of him. Sometimes I believe that it will hold me in bondage till I die. . . ."

Joseph made one more effort. He had been called to a neighboring table and he lingered before Cheshire.

"We are very nearly full up, sir," he announced. "The table I offered you still remains."

Cheshire glanced at his companion.

"Why not some supper?" he asked.

"Madame will find the music tonight very delightful," Joseph said, bowing to her. "Presently Suzanne Dreyfus will sing."

Her eyebrows were gently raised as she looked toward Cheshire. He rose to his feet. She laid her finger upon his arm for a moment as she moved toward the stairs, but it was the shadow of fear rather than the joy of anticipation which walked with her into the supper room.

"SCARCELY the usual gay crowd, Joseph," Cheshire remarked as he wrote out his order for supper and handed it to the maître d'hôtel.

The latter acquiesced sadly. He was an Italian, saving money fast, terrified lest any post might bring him his letters of recall.

"It is the fault of the newspapers, sir. The depression is always there. Did you see the placards tonight?"

"Never take any notice of them," Cheshire said.

"Nevertheless they kill the spirit of gaiety in the people," Joseph insisted. "Tonight the placards are speaking of a hitch in the conversations in one of the two capitals, another reports a deadlock in the other. At every table in this room at the present moment they talk of one thing only—*the fear of war.*"

"You bring the caviar along, my friend," Cheshire directed, "and don't you worry your head as to whether there's going to be war or not. Even if there is, it won't mean the end of all things, you know."

Deborah Florestan leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content. Her eyes had penetrated into every corner of the room. There was not a soul visible whom she had ever seen before. She began to wonder whether this attractive companion of hers would invite her to dance. He certainly had the figure for it. It would be very pleasant.

"War is a thing I do not understand," she confided. "My husband, who rarely talks to me, said only a few days ago that he was making a great fortune for his firm out of people's fear of war, but that if war came they might easily lose it all again."

"Quite right, too," her companion assented. "The government would grab their profits back again."

She sighed.

"I should like my husband to make a great deal of money out of this fear of war that you speak of," she confessed, "leave it all to me and disappear."

"What do you mean by disappear?" he asked.

"Go somewhere where I would never see him again. It would be better if he died," she added complacently.

"Aren't you a trifle heartless?"

"I have no heart for my husband," she admitted. "No more would you if you had lived with him for fifteen years, as I have."

"How old are you?" he asked.

She seemed to find nothing unusual in his question.

"I am thirty-five," she told him. "I was studying in London when the first bombers came over. I was not afraid then. I should not be afraid now. What I hate is the look on the faces of all the people. I think I was born to be gay. Horace has set his heel upon that spirit and it is wounded, but there is some of it left."

"How does your husband make all this money for his firm out of the fear of war?"

"He sells all manner of things to the government," she replied. "He travels everywhere where there is steel or aluminum or nickel—anything that is needed in making airplanes or battleships. He buys and then sells. He makes many enemies. People follow him about who mean evil. He himself is visited often by strange men who do strange things for him, and that is all I know, so ask me no more questions, please. He thought when you came to the house in Kensington that you were a spy. Perhaps you are. Perhaps I have done wrong in telling you as much as I have. . . . What are you really?"

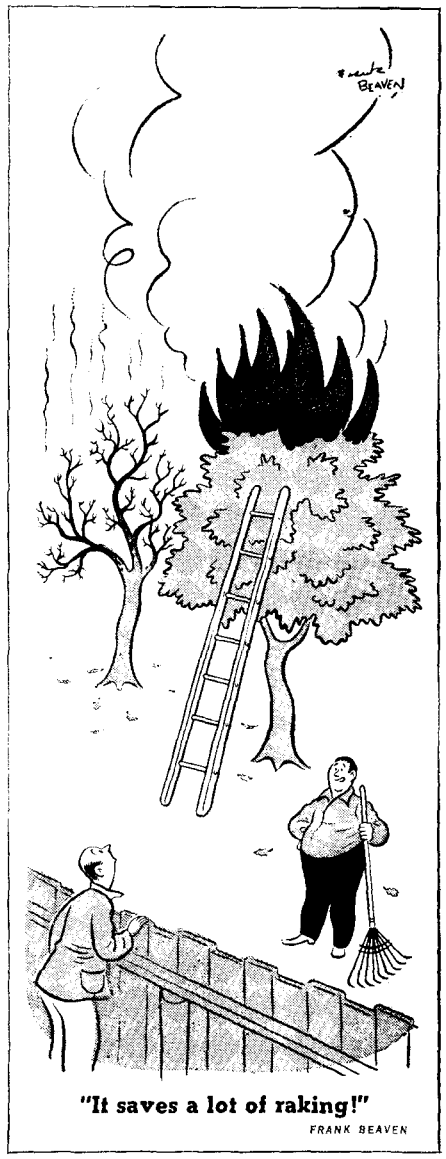
"A departmental overseer of unusual happenings."

"It sounds terrible," she said, "but it leaves me entirely ignorant."

"Is it confidence for confidence?"

"It might be if I knew anything."

"Very well, then," he proceeded. "I am really a sailor placed for a few



"It saves a lot of raking!"
FRANK BEAVEN

months at the head of a department which keeps a watch on people who interest themselves tremendously in armaments at a critical time like this. Hence my interest in your husband."

"THAT does not account for my husband looking upon you as an enemy, does it?" she inquired.

"Not unless he was afraid I was trying to find out who had driven his car to St. George's Hospital last Sunday night."

"The night Sir Theodore Meldicott was shot," she murmured.

"The night he was shot—murdered," Cheshire assented. "Now, don't you think it is time I asked you a question or two?"

"Well?"

"Do you think your husband is a man who would commit a murder?"

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She considered the point.

"I do not think he would hesitate for a moment if it was to his advantage."

"Well, that's frank, at any rate," Cheshire admitted. "Do you believe that he shot Sir Theodore Meldicott?"

"I do not believe or disbelieve," she answered. "I have not anything to go by. He certainly drove the car away that night. It might easily have been stolen, though, especially if he left it outside that terrible club of his."

"Did he keep any firearms and ammunition in the house?"

"Not at Colville Terrace."

"Here, then?"

"Perhaps," she replied. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"You had better go and search his rooms, then—467 to 469. Do not make a mistake, though. 469 is my apartment. You would like the keys?"

SHE drew them from her bag and laid them on the table. He avoided her eyes but he took them up and examined them.

"The larger one," she explained, "is for the door of the little hall leading into the salon. The two small keys are those of my room and his, one on either side."

He laid down the keys.

"The actual searching of rooms," he confided, "is not my job. I might send up an inspector."

"He will not find anything."

"And supposing I came myself?"

"You might be more fortunate."

"What I should like to find," he went on, acutely conscious of the tenseness of the moment but keeping his eyes idly watching the dancers, "is a cartridge with a peculiar casing, a casing of plain steel."

"I know nothing about firearms," she assured him calmly.

"You wouldn't like to look for me, I suppose?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you believe," he persisted, "that your husband could be capable of shooting a man with a bullet which is only used by desperate criminals, a bullet that if it lodges in a man's body anywhere, whether it is a vital spot or not, will inflict a mortal wound?"

"I think," she replied, "that a bullet of that sort would appeal to Horace immensely. He is terribly cruel, you know. He thinks nothing of life or death in other people. He has no sympathy. He has no kindness."

"Then why do you hesitate to look and see if you can find a cartridge in his rooms of this description?"

AGAIN he knew that she was looking at him but he refused steadily to turn his head.

"Because I think you should make the search," she answered with a note of mockery in her tone. "Why should I run the risk because you have been kind to me for an hour? What do I gain by it? If you suspect that such a thing is to be found, I have made it easy for you to find it."

He stretched out his hand, picked up the keys and slipped them into his pocket. She laughed quietly, almost, he fancied, happily. The disturbance remained in the atmosphere but the tenseness had passed.

"You would like to dance?" he asked.

She made no reply but rose to her feet with a swift movement of effortless grace, and yielded herself altogether to her passionate love of dancing, and her almost fantastic skill. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor. There was a look of supreme content in her eyes and the softened expression of her mouth. Only it seemed to him that now and then, at the corners, and when he paused for a moment to yield to the sway of the music, she drew a little closer to him. He was conscious of the grip of her fingers upon his shoulders. All the time he could feel her soft breathing upon his cheek.

Then the leader of the orchestra came to the conclusion that three encores were sufficient. The music ceased. They made their way to their places. Cheshire's bill was waiting upon his plate. Mechanically he signed it, mechanically he counted out the amount of the *pourboire*. Without any conscious impulse, he rose to his feet, helped her draw her ermine cape around her shoulders and followed her up the stairs. She was a pace or two ahead of him at the top and she led the way without hesitation to the lifts on the left-hand side. He followed her. The lift man bowed respectfully. They glided up to the fourth floor. Again she stepped out first and led the way down the corridor. Toward the end she waited.

"You have the keys," she reminded him.

He opened the door. She passed through the hall into the sitting room beyond, then she flung off her cape and turned round.

"That is my room," she said, pointing to the right. "The one on the other side is Horace's. I see that both doors are open. Which first?"

"I shall make my search," he answered.

"Then I await the pleasure of Monsieur," she remarked, holding out her hands.

SHE flung wide the door of her room, revealing a very delightful glimpse of pink satin furnishings, a softly burning light over the bed, a gentle current of pleasant air from the open window that looked onto the Thames. She came up to him and he felt her arms slowly encompassing his neck.

"Now, my man of adventures," she whispered in his ear, "you shall kiss me once before I let you go."

He kissed the eyes which had always intrigued him, felt the faint stir of her eyelashes beneath his lips and drew away—himself a little breathless.

"If you are too long," she warned him, "I may come and see if I can help you. Listen, it is no good ransacking drawers and wardrobes. There is a small cupboard there built like a safe which I have always suspected, and you will have to be clever because I think there is something secret about the fastenings."

He stepped back a little unsteadily and it was he who closed the door between them. In the sitting room he opened the door of Florestan's sleeping apartment. He obeyed the instructions of the woman whom he had just left. He went straight to the cupboard built into the wall. There was no lock, only a solid panel. He slid it back, disclosing four drawers and a little space above. The four drawers were locked. In the space above was a row of small bottles, some of them half-emptied—cognac, whisky, cointreau. He removed the bottles. The top space was bare. Then he tried the drawers again. They were firmly locked.

Perhaps, if there had been ordinary keyholes there, anything to indicate a rational mode of opening them, he might have given up his task as hopeless, for the drawers themselves were of metal and would have yielded to no implement he could find. The absence of any place for the key, however, seemed in itself to convey a suggestion. He felt the back of the upper part of the cupboard, realized that the bottles which he had drawn out had had for their foundations two shelves. He tapped them. Below was hollow. He went all round the sides. He pulled them, he pushed them, he made every possible effort to discover their secret.

In one of those four drawers below, in

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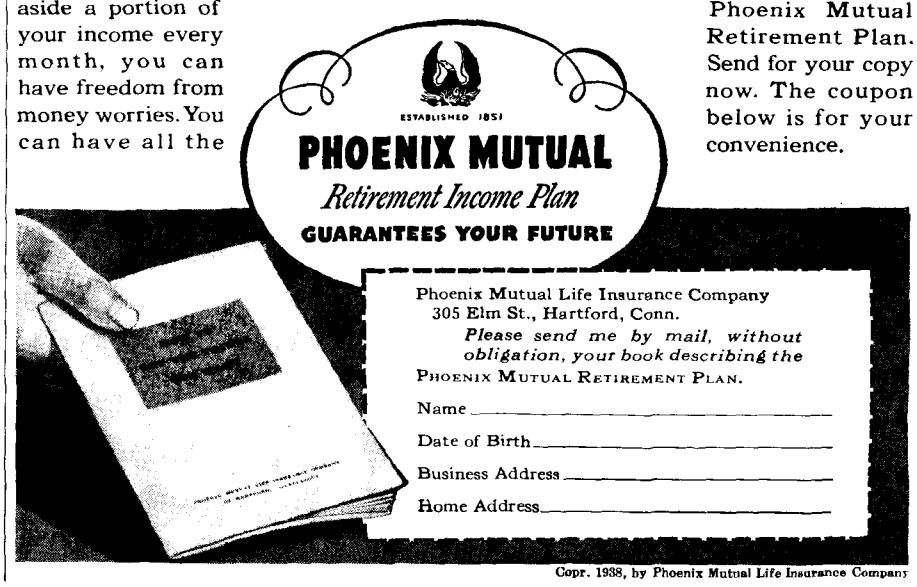

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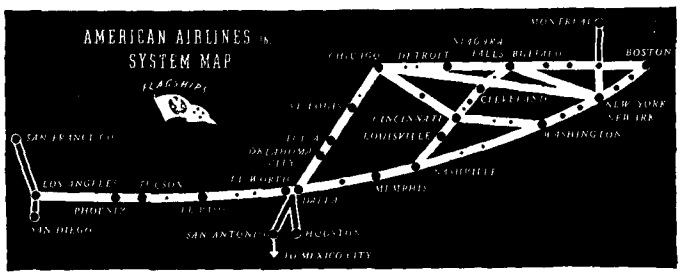

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all probability lay the evidence he so passionately desired. He knew quite well that nothing would induce him to leave the room until he had dealt with it, at whatever cost it might be. He went over the ground again, then, abandoning the subtle search of his fingers, he struck them with his clenched fist. At last he drew up a chair and sat down in front of the cupboard in despair. It seemed that nothing but sheer force would be of the slightest use.

The light, swift footsteps behind sent him swinging round, brought him swiftly to his feet. Deborah Florestan had entered the room. For the moment he was staggered. She had the appearance of a girl. Her great coils of hair had been released and hung over her shoulders. She was wearing a white negligée. She seemed somehow to have gained a finer quality of passionate and vivid humanity. Her lips smiled at him, her forehead was slightly wrinkled.

"You do not succeed? You are a long, long time," she complained.

"You see where I arrive," he pointed out. "Those four drawers—they are of metal. There is no opening. With a crowbar I could force them from their places, with dynamite I could blow them up, but even a Samson could not move them with his bare fingers."

She laughed mockingly.

"Poor dear man! Out of my way, please. I will show you something."

She went down on her knees. In all his efforts to be fair to himself in later years, Cheshire's cheeks sometimes burned as he confessed how the lines of her figure, the curve of her arm as she leaned forward, almost made him forget the sacredness of his mission. Her long fingers crept underneath the space between the drawers and the bottom of the cupboard. There was a little click. As he watched, the topmost drawer slid out of its place toward him.

"There you are," she said. "I should have told you. How could you find out? You are only a dear, stupid man, is that not so?"

He looked into the drawer without speech. It was empty. He drew out the second. That also was empty. He drew out the third. There were two loose revolvers lying there and a box of cartridges. He drew out the fourth and there was a case, a brown leather case, with a brown buff inside. There was space for two revolvers of small size. Both were there—one clean, the other with a little dark edge to its muzzle and in the vacant space of the case there was an indentation which held a box of cartridges three quarters full. Cheshire drew one out—the sheath was of glittering steel. He stood looking at it like a man who had lost all power of speech or movement.

"You have found what you want?" the woman whispered. "I am cold."

"I have found what I want," he answered. "One minute."

He took the revolver which showed signs of recent use, and slipped the box of cartridges into his pocket.

"Let me put everything back as it was," Deborah Florestan begged. "Let me close the cupboard. We will get away from the room. I hate it here. In mine you will be safe."

CHESHIRE laughed a little unnaturally. The revolver was his, the cartridges which fitted it—devilish messengers of death—were also his. His companion bent over the drawers. There was a click and they slid back. She closed the panel door of the cupboard and turned slowly toward him. Her hands rested upon his shoulders. Even in later life he wondered just what she was about to say, for in those strange eyes there was a light which he could never have imagined, there was a trembling even in that first word which came from her lips.

"Dear—" she faltered.

That was the beginning and end of the speech, for at the same moment they heard voices in the corridor, the grating of a key—a passkey, in all probability—in the outside door. Then there was an instant's pause—afterward a knocking.

(To be continued next week)

"The Missing Persons Bureau just called again. This time the man is tall and dark. . . ."

GEORGE SHELLHASE

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Headless Horseman

Continued from page 20

Everyone talked at once, and we also ate freely, a filling meal of pigs' brains and hominy. At eleven o'clock, Ankeroyd Gale regarded us as the three leading hoss experts of the day and was our friend. So was Japonica. So was the colored mammy who served the meal. Colonel Harmony Childs made the uncertain gestures and speech of a man about to get up and go home.

"Nonsense," cried Ankeroyd with great cordiality. "I insist that you remain here as our guests, and tomorrow we shall have a good look at Madstone."

So we stayed.

THAT was the horse—Madstone—apparently an animal that at one time could gallop with great vigor but now a little on the seedy side. Having formally accepted Southern hospitality, we were escorted upstairs by an aged and colored retainer, shown into comfortable quarters, retired to slumber and, after a nice breakfast of corn cakes and syrup, the Gale family led us forth to inspect Madstone, eight years old, once a running fool, but now indifferent to the mutations of life. Harmony and Omar went over him like a couple of coopers on a barrel job. Neither of them knows anything about horses, except that they are large, awkward animals formerly observed walking in front of buggies.

"This animal," Ankeroyd told us, brushing his whiskers, "is as fast as any horse on earth. He can do a mile in 1:36. He can run like the wind—"

"All right," said Harmony, wondering, "why don't you race him?"

"I say he can run, but he won't."

"Why won't he?"

"I don't know. He's healthy. That's what I would like to have you gentlemen discover, seeing you know horses. I am no longer a man of means and Madstone is about my last genuine possession."

The next step came along immediately. We put a saddle on Madstone, a colored lad on his back, went over to the Shady City track and watched him negotiate a mile. Going full speed with his ears back, he did the distance in 1.58, or about as fast as a small boy can trundle a kiddie car.

"What do you think?" asked Ankeroyd.

"You got a horse here," Omar answered instantly. "Just give us a little time, Colonel, and watch what we do. There's a horse."

That seemed to insure board and lodging for a while, and we require but little time, as Harmony can wriggle us out of anything in seven days.

In the week that ensued, Omar fell in love with Japonica, which we could have foretold, as he falls in love with any woman who will stand still. On Colonel Ankeroyd's vanishing funds, we entered Madstone in a cheap race, just to see what he would do, and he loped around aimlessly, staring at the back ends of seven other plugs.

Harmony said, speaking privately: "There is nothing to be gained hanging around here and sponging on the colonel. Madstone is an elderly horse, sitting by the fireside in carpet slippers. He cannot run a lick, so let us be on our way."

"Says you," Omar put in belligerently. "You don't know anything about horses and I do. We have here the makings of a splendid race horse. He needs treatment and I happen to have the proper kind. We can make a vinegar barrel full of dough right here in Shady City. Opportunity knocks, but as usual, you are out in the back alley."

"Would you mind telling us how?"

"I will let you see with your own eyes. Just wait."

Interesting days followed, for all. . . .

Ordinarily a trio of peaceful guests in a Southern home do not expect to be shot at while enjoying the moonlight on the front porch. What we did not know upon arrival was that Ankeroyd Gale and the adjacent Hudfields had been carrying on a private war and with considerable gusto. The Hudfields were Yancey and Yeats, a couple of scandalous mountain men, and whenever we heard a shot at night and ducked—we knew it was either Yancey or Yeats, sitting on a rock across the river. We asked Ankeroyd and he said:

"You have to be a little careful. They been popping at me for years."

Harmony's interest was aroused, especially after he learned that nobody knew why the boys kept shooting at the Gale place. The causes of animosity went away back yonder. Ankeroyd didn't know. It was a sort of legacy feud, with its origins buried in the deep past. Ankeroyd admitted he was sick and tired of feuding and wished the Hudfield boys would quit spraying the place with artillery, as it annoyed everybody and made visitors nervous.

Harmony Childs thereupon ventured across the river and actually called on Yancey and Yeats in an effort to smooth out the trouble and end war. I did not accompany him, as I don't like to be calling on strangers in their mountain cabin, where they may begin shooting before you can say anything. So as I said, life was anything but dull at the Gale homestead and Omar bristled with importance.

"What you two don't know," he declared, "is that I used to hang around dog tracks and won plenty of dough on dogs. And there is a well-known trick about handling dogs. If you want a greyhound or a whippet to show extra speed, you know what you do?"

"We do not."

"You give him a slice of calf's liver just before the race. The minute a running dog gets liver in him, it makes him want to run, he goes like the wind, he beats all the other dogs and you win your bet. I've won often."

"And what, if I might inquire," murmured Harmony in friendly sarcasm, "has that got to do with Ankeroyd Gale's horse, which cannot run fast enough to beat a middle-aged walrus?"

"This," shouted our rotund genius; "I'm feeding Madstone a shot of liver, three times a day. Yesterday, he did the mile in 1.44."

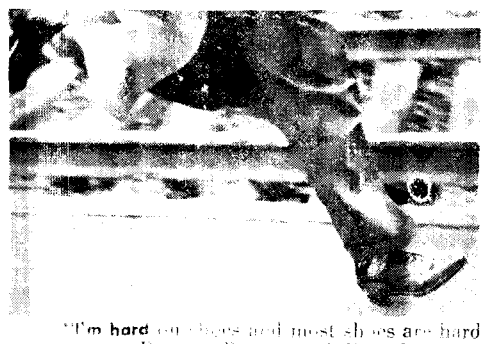
"Full of liver?" I asked. "How do you feed a horse liver?"

HE EXPLAINED that you ground it up fine, mixed it in with oats, bran or mash and got the horse used to it. At first Madstone rejected the new dish, but later came to like liver, which seemed to have a buoyant effect on him. It was costing Ankeroyd some money at the butcher's, for liver is up there with platinum since people began using it to soften their arteries.

"I think," Harmony commented, "that our little associate in crime is either a liar or has gone farther out of his mind and he only had an inch left."

"You would talk that way," Omar roared. "Come over to the track this afternoon and watch what you see. There is a fortune lying in the ditch, and you sneer at it."

We were there early and so was Omar, Japonica, Ankeroyd and Madstone and the minute we saw him we could tell that here was a changed animal. He was



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a big-boned and reddish horse with knobby legs, a pair of popeyes and what seemed to be a sneer. But he bounced around like a kitten. When the darky boy gave him the gun, he breezed a mile without breathing hard. Colonel Gale leaned against the fence, watch in hand, his old eyes shining.

"One minute and forty-three seconds," he called out, slapping Omar on the back, and Japonica walked over and hugged the little runt.

"Damn' if he didn't," Harmony exclaimed. "This is a miracle."

"Best part is, we're nowhere near ready to race yet," our amateur trainer declared. "He's getting in shape. Takes time."

"When can we enter him?" Japonica asked, and Omar said it would be better to wait two or three weeks and be absolutely certain of winning. A little while later and, under the spur of fresh liver, Madstone uncorked a mile in 1.39 and did it with ease. He was growing to look like War Admiral and Stagehand, but was also developing some bad habits. Once a placid and temperate animal, he commenced to snap at people, like a petulant poodle. Among those he bit was O. Gill, who was in a stooping posture at the moment and not expecting a horse attack. Madstone quite suddenly snapped at him and came away with some of Omar and some of his pants. Omar leaped into the air and cursed.

"That's part of the training," he explained. "I thought he'd get a mite touchy. Have to watch yourself."

It was the liver, of course. You cannot feed a noncarnivorous animal meaty edibles and have him go on being gentle. Lions get tough because they eat too many antelopes, and Madstone, once a house pet, gained speed and ferocity together, kicked his stall into the river, and tried to kill a couple of colored lads. In spite of this, Omar continued to ply him with chopped liver.

"How are you going to race a horse like him?" Harmony asked. "He'll assassinate the other horses and eat the gate."

"Easy to take care of that," Omar said. "We'll start him outside."

While our man worked wonders with the reformation of a horse, Mr. Childs produced another miracle up on the mountain side, where the impetuous Hudfields parked their weapons. Our leader, boss and pal became a steady caller, drank their mountain dew and appealed to the better nature of Yancey and Yeats. He pointed out to them that nobody knew what the feud was about and that the two families ought to get together and quit pulling triggers.

HARMONY is a true wizard when warmed with eloquence and a jolt or two of white mule. He can talk a robin away from a new worm. The Hudfield boys listened to him respectfully and one afternoon he brought them down from their cabin, with charity in their hearts, leaving their weapons behind. They shook hands with Ankeroyd and Japonica, acted shy and seemed about to weep. Japonica impulsively kissed Omar, as if he had done it. Ankeroyd opened up a bottle of Georgia's best, while Harmony acted as master of ceremonies at one of the friendliest suppers I ever attended.

"I am mighty glad I came here to Shady City," Harmony orated. "I am happy to see these two honored families again on terms of amity and content, and it is nice to know, adding to the good feeling of the moment, that all present here are about to make a jag of money. Within a short time, there will be loose cash afloat and all can share."

The Hudfield boys looked interested and wanted to know. Omar explained

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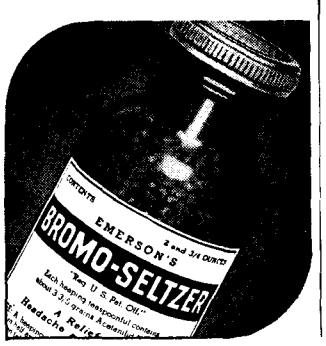

Bromo-Seltzer
FOR HEADACHES

"The old boy came through with a grand for my manuscript, 'The Observing Office Boy'" TOM HOLLOWAY

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smilingly that in Madstone we had a sleeper for the Shady City races.

"When we start," Harmony interrupted, clapping Yancey on the shoulder, "the price ought to be fifty to one. As the public sees it, our horse cannot beat a crippled lady on a pogo stick and that's fine for us. There is a race coming that you know—the Shady City Handicap—and Madstone will win it by six lengths."

"Ten," Omar corrected.

"You boys," Ankeroyd interrupted, "are in this confidentially, and mustn't tell a living soul. Knock the price down."

"We won't say nothing, Colonel," Yancey spoke up in hearty tones. "And about another matter—maybe you might need a little ready cash. Might need money—no reflections—to git ready for this race."

"Hiding nothing from you, Yancey," the colonel said, "we could do with a little cash."

"We have some money saved up," Yancey smiled, "and you can git all you need from me and Yeats. We want to thank yawl for letting us in."

AFTER that pleasant meal, we were no longer embarrassed by a shortage of funds. There were eleven horses figuring to run in the Handicap, all stout enough skates, but not what you could call first-rate material, like they run at Belmont. Nothing in that coming contest could even challenge the new and liver-laden Madstone. As Harmony stated, it was a golden opportunity straight from the gods. They run the Handicap down there on Georgia Day, which is the same as New Year's.

As the big moment drew nearer, our Mr. Gill carried along his eccentric theories of training animals, plied the beast with chopped liver, raced him around the track frequently and tried to avoid being killed as the Madstone temper soured on the vine. Three times Mr. Gill was bitten at tender points of his carcass and resented each one. It became necessary also to remove Jennifer from the horse stall, Jennifer being a white rabbit, once bosom companion and sleeping mate to a kindly race horse. In his changed and irritated state, the Ankeroyd hoss apparently decided that if calf's liver was all right, live rabbit would be equally so, and the colored lads found little Jennifer sitting up on a rafter. They removed him.

I came around a corner behind the stables and was brought to pause by a strange spectacle. Madstone was having his morning sunshine, tied securely to a post, and in front of him stood Omar, just out of reach. In his arms he held Jennifer and with a small twig he was socking Madstone on the nose.

"You and your bad temper," Omar was saying calmly. "Bite everybody, do you? All right. How do you like that?"

The birch twig descended and our running horse tried to pull up his stakes and kill both of them.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"I train him," Omar replied coldly, "but I don't have to like him."

Twice within the week, I caught our associate smacking Madstone on the snoot, with Jennifer looking on in approval. He was a large bunny, with pink eyes and restless ears. I told Harmony Childs, and thereafter Omar was commanded to stop hitting Madstone, as he was already mad enough at everything.

With the oncoming of Georgia Day, it was our gifted Harmony who took charge of the financial problems. The friendly Hudfields dug up cash for expenses and came over frequently to watch a race horse being readied for trial. One week before the Handicap, Madstone clipped off a mile in 1.36, with nobody looking on except ourselves, Ankeroyd, Japonica and the mountain boys. Little Eno Lee, the colored jockey, dropped on him from a tree and was safe, once in the saddle. When he felt his hoofs on the dirt of the track, the Gale animal passed up his desire to mutilate people and began to run, and it was there I turned convert to liver.

"He's all ready," Omar announced in some pride. "He could start today and beat all the horses in Georgia. He is trained to a fine edge and sore as hell."

I have seen a good many glorious days down South, but there was never any morning like this Handicap Day in Shady City. The sky was a serene bowl of brilliant blue, the sunshine came down like wine and a gentle breeze ruffled the leaves overhead. Ankeroyd Gale stepped forth in a new white coat and blue tie, Japonica sported a city hat and the Hudfield boys were brave in their wine-colored pants and checkered jerseys. It was Hudfield coin that paid Madstone's entry fee. It was Hudfield dough in the pockets of Ankeroyd and Harmony, and even Japonica stood ready, with betting bills in her bag.

"The way I see it," Harmony assured me at breakfast, "this is our day to howl. We came here paupers and will leave like gentlemen. I figure on nine thousand for the afternoon and that's three for each of us. Ankeroyd can pay his bills and Japonica says she's going to Europe."

"She is not," Omar chimed in. "We're going to be married."

"In Georgia," said Harmony, "there is a law preventing feeble-minded males from committing matrimony."

"Yeah? Who showed the brains in this emergency? If it wasn't for me, you'd be down there washing hubcaps for your supper."

THE Shady City Handicap came late on the program, so we had plenty of time to get set. The grounds were flowing with a welter of humanity long before first-race time. Thousands and thousands of Georgia's inflamed citizens wandered to and fro, itching to lay their money on the line. During the preliminary races, Harmony and I strolled in the stand, looking on with an uninterested gaze while the good people of Georgia bet on wrong horses. Ankeroyd and Omar were down at the stables, rubbing Madstone when they could get near him, and Japonica fluttered through the crowds, followed by the hopeful Hudfields. Yancey took me aside early and seemed to have something on his chest. He said: "We wouldn't like to see anything happen to our money, mister."

"What could happen?" I asked in honest astonishment. "The race is in the bag."

When the opening figures went up on the board for the Handicap, Madstone was number eight, and his quoted price was 99. That meant it was anything up to two hundred to one, for 99 is as high as the board can go.

Harmony grinned, nudged me with his elbow and we proceeded to the betting department, accompanied by four thousand maddened citizens, who were laying their money on Sunbeam, the pride of Georgia. We bumped into Ankeroyd and Japonica, happily chunking it in with both fists, and at adjacent windows we beheld Yancey and Yeats unfolding bills that were still damp from the tin cans. We winked at each other in the elation of such a moment, and when the bets were made Harmony and I hurried across to the infield.

We leaned against the unpainted fence and watched Madstone drop on the board. Down he went to 80, then 70, and finally wound up at 40, where the price halted. Forty to one is lovely money, whenever you can get it, and, of course, it only happens once in a thousand years that you are certain of results at a race track. We were not actually gambling, for that includes taking a chance. We were on a sure thing, using borrowed

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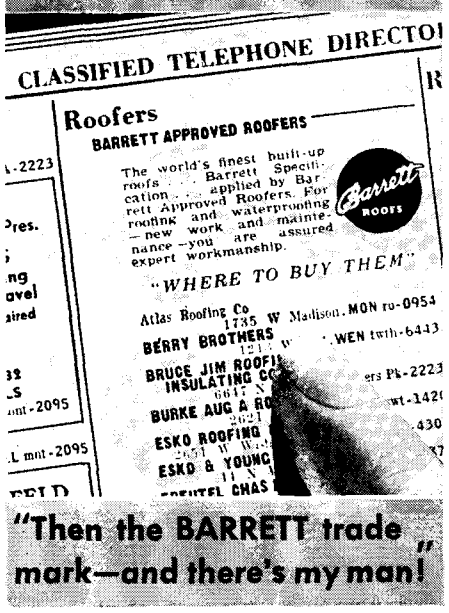
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money and in the exalted state that accompanies such a condition. At this point I happened to think of Omar Gill, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had handled none of the betting money, as he is no good with anything over a dime.

The racing steeds moved out on the track in brave array, and the crowd cheered politely, clapping for this Sunbeam animal, two to one, and carrying all the ignorant money in Georgia. Madstone bounced up and down in fine fettle, but nobody gave him a thought.

Jockey Lee's riding orders were brief and simple—to take Madstone out in front from the sound of the bell and stay in front, letting nobody and no horse approach or pass. There was a purse of seven hundred dollars for the winner, mere chicken feed alongside our money in the mutuels. I made a quick calculation and decided our little group stood to haul in sixty thousand kopecks.

When the horse parade moved past the stand, the local band burst into some patriotic anthem, the ponies pranced, the jockeys bobbed in their gaudy jackets, and again I looked for the missing Gill.

"Where you suppose he is?" I asked Harmony.

"With Ankeroyd," said he, continuing to stare at the horses. The Handicap is a mile dash and they started Madstone outside the gate to save that useful machine for another day. Our money-bearing equine stood like a statue, straightened out his legs and braced himself like Glenn Cunningham. He kept wiggling his ears, as if waiting for the man to ring the bell, which he did.

I had both eyes glued on Madstone and it looked to me as if he had been shot out of a gun or popped off one of these German steamers where they catapult the airplanes. One second he was there and the next he wasn't.

I began yelling, and so did Harmony, and we had reason for making noises, as it was apparent that we had a horse race well in hand, with nothing to worry us and money heading our way. There was no momentary doubt or those agonizing seconds when you search among the first seven horses for yours, as they get under way. It was one of the happy affairs, where your pride and joy leaps away first, leads the pack from the break, opens up daylight and stays stanchly in front. Harmony jumped into the air, waved his arms and yelled, "Come on, Madstone," which was foolish enough, as Madstone couldn't hear him and was coming on like a prairie fire.

WE TURNED to follow the flight. Madstone remained in front as they rounded the first turn, his jockey bobbing, the horse running like a beautiful piece of oiled machinery. He had a long, swinging stride that gobbled up the earth—no doubt a heritage from his ancestors, along with a touch of Omar's liver. He was a length in front and could easily have made it two. I stood there, staring at this pleasant sight, when Harmony took me by the arm and pointed.

Omar Gill was in sight, moving rapidly across the infield toward the fence and he seemed to be carrying something.

"What's he doing there?" I asked.

"We better go and see," said our leader. "Come on."

We headed across the grass and Omar dropped to his knees beside the fence, sticking his head through the bars and peering down the track. We still could not see what it was he held against his chest. I looked up the track and the horses were rounding the turn, with Madstone leading and running like clockwork. The crowd was howling for Sunbeam to show a burst of speed, but Sunbeam's task was hopeless against that speeding ball of fire.

As the thundering herd turned into the stretch and approached Omar Gill, he lifted his arms and we could see what he held. It was Jennifer, the rabbit companion and former stallmate, and, before we could do anything or even howl at him, the little man leaned forward and tossed the bunny out onto the track, in front of the oncoming horses. We stopped and Harmony breathed a faint curse.

Unused to horses and yelling crowds, the bunny bounded like a shot, listened to the eleven horses, which were obviously chasing him to destruction, and then, like any sensible rabbit would do, he turned at right angles, zipped across the track, hopped the fence like a bird, leaped some barrels and fled toward the distant woods. So did Madstone. The animal carrying our immediate cash future passed out of the horse-racing business at this point, sailed over the fence in pursuit and Eno Lee fell off into some flowers, escaping with minor bruises. Madstone may or may not have recognized his former pal—we never knew. Track attendants started running and that was the end of the Shady City Handicap and the quick finish of some people who were on the road to wealth.

Sunbeam won by a nose from Oyster Shell and at that moment Madstone was still chasing Jennifer through the back streets of Shady City.

WE HAULED Omar to his feet and Harmony was able to ask: "What was the idea?"

"Well," said Omar, plainly dazed. "You see—"

"Never mind the answer," said our leader in a quiet voice—and I will always contend Harmony has elements of true greatness. "We have lost about ten thousand dollars in cash money, and within ten minutes those liking to look at corpses can see three of them where we now stand. There are days when I feel like hurrying and this is one of them."

He started in a brisk walk and we were not far behind him, Omar still wearing a glassy expression. Nobody stopped us. We passed through gates and climbed fences. We hastened through alleys and rear streets, moving steadily away. In time dusk descended, hiding us from the eye of man. North of the town, the country breaks into ravines, mountains and wooded dells and thither we headed, traveling in Indian file. A long time later, we paused and sat on some logs, surrounded by the friendly night and the murmuring trees.

"Little man," said Harmony, lighting a cigarette, "you have just robbed us of ten thousand bucks and deserve death. Worm that you are, you have ruined Ankeroyd and Japonica, biting the hands that fed you. You have unquestionably chilled the relations between us and those Hudfields. Why did you shove the little rabbit out on the race track?"

"Because," Omar cried in tones of indignation, "I wanted to make sure Madstone would win the race and stay in front to the finish. I purposely got him so he didn't like rabbits. I even took him over to the dog track and made him chase the iron rabbit in training. How would I know Jennifer would hop off the track?"

"No, you couldn't know that. No. The iron rabbit didn't leap any fences, did he?"

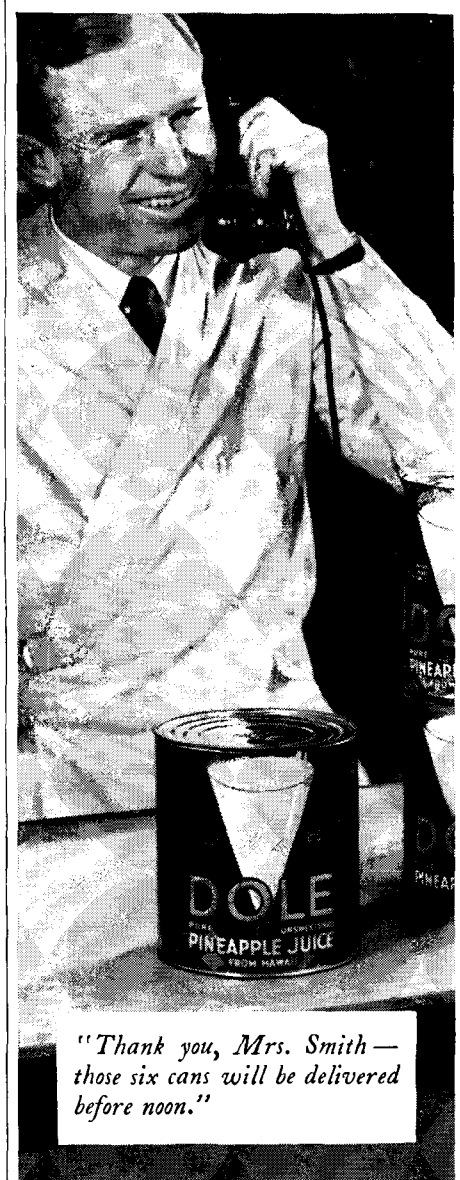
"Certainly not."

Through the trees came the faint sound of distant gunfire and the leaves rustled ominously.

"That," I said, rising, "might be the Hudfield boys, opening up on Ankeroyd."

"Might be and is," Harmony declared, getting off his stump, and without further delay we moved slowly north through the forest, while the moon came up, flooding the open spaces with what seemed to be about sixty thousand dollars' worth of moonlight.

"Mother—why don't you telephone right now for some more Dole Pineapple Juice?"



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Friends

Continued from page 19

He was rich, and he felt obscurely dismal. Heck, he had known all along that Margot would spend the winter in Boston with her people, take again that job in the advertising department of a big store. Why, all at once, should next winter seem endless? Was he in love with her? Maybe he was.

Bad business. Who was he in her life? The guy who could fold an omelet; who made the good salad, and the jokes, such as they were. That was all. The rest was Austin's.

He decided to take himself and his certificate of wealth out for a lot of air, and got into his leather jacket and walked clear across the cape to the ocean shore, the thin rain spiteful in his face all the way; but coming back it wasn't, and by then his blood was going, and his eyes looked outward again.

He set his memory to find some word, some look of hers that might have suggested to a more alert eye a secret adoration. He didn't find any; he had to face that. But he himself took a while falling in love with her; and maybe she would change. Now he was a successful painter, as you might say. . . .

He was whistling as he opened the studio door. . . . If they were both there he'd say: "It's a party, folks. We're going to Cook's for dinner: I just received . . ."

Austin was there by himself.

"Good grief," Austin said, "you're soaked. I'm sorry there isn't a fire; I made one but it went out."

BILL looked at it (let the news wait a while) and said, "I'm not surprised that it went out," taking it apart. "Where's the kindling?" He went outside to get some from the shed. Arms full, he went back in, started a crackling fire, then went up the ladder to the balcony to change into his other pants and a blue flannel shirt. From the railing he dropped a question about Margot. Would she be in?

"Later," Austin said. "Say, don't stay up there forever. I've got something to tell you. It's good news."

"So have I," Bill said, pleased. Had Austin also received a check? That would be swell! He climbed down to the fire, and put on an act. "Come clean—what's it all about?"

"Listen," Austin complained. "This is important to me. It's no damned joke. I thought you'd be interested. We're going to be married, Margot and I, right away."

Bill said, "That's swell."

"We'll not leave here for a couple of weeks. If I hear from my uncle or something else turns up—I'm absolutely flat, you know; gosh, I guess I owe you plenty, what? Well, the first dough I get I'll shoot it to you, Bill." Bill waved this away. "Well, then we'll go south for the winter, Florida, to the uncle's place."

"And if nothing turns up?"

"I'll paint—in Boston."

"Oh," said Bill.

"What do you mean—'Oh'?"

Bill smiled. "We ought to have a party. It ought to be a big one, but everybody's gone away. . . . Look, tonight, why don't you and Margot go to Cook's for dinner? My credit's still sound there. Oh, sure, let me do that much. And I've got a lot of things to go through here."

"I get it," generously. "You want us out of the way. All right." His shadow leaped up the wall as he stood, very tall, tying a yellow-and-dark-red scarf around his neck.

"Tell her I am glad, will you?"

"Okay," Austin said. "It's stopped raining, thank God." He went out.

So they'd be stuck there in Boston, Margot earning their keep. And that's how they'd start. It came to Bill that Austin wouldn't mind too much. He was used to being taken care of. He'd be the "genius." And she would manage, of course.

He wished they would go away at once.

But they didn't; and the next day he had to meet and to talk with Margot, but he said nothing of his own good fortune. She wouldn't have been interested anyway. He stayed away as best he could, working or trying to work on a huddle of fishermen's shacks under a huge, yellow-leafed poplar. The next day he was there, too, and stayed till six o'clock.

"Which one is Accounts Receivable and which one is Accounts Payable—as though I need ask?" GEORGE PRICE

As he opened the studio door Margot called from the captain's kitchen. "You're late," she said.

"For what?"

"For dinner."

He looked around. "A feast! Oysters. Steak."

"My treat," she said. "Little new potatoes with parsley butter."

"Oh!" He saw the pie. "And blueberry pie to knock Austin's eye right out, what? Lucky man!"

"Help me, will you, Bill? Feel like it?"

"Sure."

"Make your wonderful secret salad."

They worked quickly, in silence.

AFTER a while he asked: "You still want to know why my mayonnaise tastes like it does?"

"Oh, Bill, please . . ."

"Well, it's just any good mayonnaise, oil and so forth, plus—the merest pinch of curry powder."

"No!"

"Yes. That's all. That's why it tastes like hickory nuts or I don't know what."

"Bill, really: how could you keep it so long? Still—thank you. But why just now?" He met her dark eyes, saw understanding widen them a little, felt an odd change between them. A restraint came in, and a coolness. "Oh," she said. "On the last day! You promised to tell me on the last day, and this is it."

"Might be, mightn't it?"

They took everything out and across the lane to the studio. She arranged white asters on the table, picked up a stick for the fire.

"Let it burn down to embers for the steak," he said.

SHE put the stick on anyway, threw it on. This wasn't being fun: it was a pretense, a headache.

"Where the hell is Austin?" Bill asked her. "I was sure today of all days he'd be here on time."

"Why?"

A stormy wind shouldered the old building, and its timbers creaked. They sat by the fire, waiting, finally drank their highballs. Bill said if Austin didn't come in five minutes they'd better broil the steak.

"You've been awfully good to that man," Margot said.

"What do you mean?"

"How much does he owe you?"

"We went fifty-fifty. Not a case of owing."

"*You* went fifty-fifty, you mean. You didn't know him before he came here last spring, did you? You don't really know anything about him."

"Yes, I do. His sister was here in August. Why, I know all about him. He went two years to Harvard. His father's dead. His mother lives down in Florida with his uncle. They are, well, rich people, or were. Now the money's gone. Why? What's the idea?"

"I guess the money isn't all gone."

"Why?"

"*Today, boom!*—right down out of the dark clouds came a check for him, a huge one."

"Really?" Bill was smiling. "That helps things for you two, doesn't it?"

She looked soberly at him.

"He's not a good painter, is he? All right, don't answer. But his 'big canvas,' so-called, isn't finished, is it? You know it occurred to me today that of course it will never be finished. Bill, my friend, how we've taken care of him, coddled him, clucked over him, to use your own elegant phrase. You know, I think we might as well start broiling that steak."

"I don't get it," Bill said. "Tell me."

"I *am* telling you. He's gone. I mean away, for good."

"But then. . . . No, that's impossible."

"Oh, no, it isn't impossible."

Bill scratched his head. He looked horrified. "But then why all this? Why are we here?"

"I don't know," she said bleakly. "It was a mistake. I shouldn't have stayed."

"Why, yes." He laughed, a confused, odd laugh, as if making polite protests. "Stay for dinner, of course. Where are you going to meet him? In Boston?"

"He thinks so. But he's wrong. Bill, all summer you shared with him, did things for him, and then today when this check came, what do you suppose he said to me? He said, 'Don't tell Bill.' You know what that did to me? It clarified my vision, not to mention what my friends laughingly call my brains. Today from about eleven A. M. to four P. M., like taking five hours to fall down stairs, I've been falling out of love." She paused. "And now I don't know what to do."

He took her hand because it seemed too much like a nightmare to go on trying to talk through the four feet of ice that seemed to separate them. "Do?" he echoed. "You poor kid, stay for dinner, of course. Stay the whole damn winter. You might like this windy, fishy village when it's just being that. I mean I'm going to stay. I have to; I'm broke, but it won't be like it was, because now I've sold stuff and my dealer wants more. I mean . . . I've always been crazy for you—but I didn't know it. And you'll get over Austin, maybe; you'll forget him, sort of, after a while. I mean . . . I wish the heck you'd marry me."

IT WAS no moment for preoccupation. But she was preoccupied. She was thinking about something else. When he saw that he didn't know where he was.

She nodded and said gravely, "Yes," but it wasn't for him. She said: "You sold? But you didn't tell me! Bill, how much did you get? Hundred?"

"Hundred!" He forgot everything. "I got a thousand," he said proudly.

She put both arms around him. "Oh, Bill, you darling jackass. Don't lie! It all fits together. A whole thousand! You sent *half of it to that lawyer in* Boston, asked him to send it back to Austin. That's why you said today of all days he wouldn't be late, honey: You thought he'd come gladly, saying how he'd got a check . . ."

He said sulkily: "I knew *you* wouldn't take money from me. And I thought it would help you get started right. . . . I thought it was fifty-fifty anyway between Austin and me so what would I lose except money—and it would give him a boot, stimulate him. . . . Anyway, I didn't do it for him; I did it for you." He held her tighter.

"You got me," she said.

Sometime later she said: "On an occasion like this I suppose food is the farthest from your thoughts?"

He looked hurt. "Why? When I'm happy I like to eat. What's the matter with eating?"

"Oh, I approve of it," she said.

To the mingled music of a distant orchestra, and of the wind and the water, was added the lovely hissing music of beef fat on the fire.

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Troubled Star

Continued from page 14

"They won't let me board at the Gamma house."

"In fact," Emery went on, "if I were that way about Julie I'd go to all her classes tomorrow. I'd take her to lunch. I'd take her to dinner. I'd be with her every minute. Of course you can't get a seat in her dressing room but you could set up a chair just outside it. After the show, I'd stick to her like that cellophane dress in the first act."

"We ain't married," Perry said lugubriously. "I ask and ask, but no go. I been losing lots of money to Maxie Blotz and it's begun to help some, but not enough."

He set up Jake's shaving mirror on the desk and cocked the pistol. "Oh, be your age," Emery said, "be six anyway. Look, have you ever thought how close this is to being a Tau Omega show? Your girl's the star, my girl's the runner-up, and the brothers have practically got a mortgage on the chorus. What if some of our pals in fraternity row decided to have some nice clean fun with T O by grabbing her and holding out on us so she couldn't get to the first performance? Maybe the second one would be even better."

He had pitched it exactly right for Perry's mind. Tell Perry any of his own dark forebodings and he'd be beyond his depth, but he could understand this idea and swallow it clear up to the sinker. "You mean those babies would try to kidnap Julie? Who? The Beta Zetas maybe? Aw, they wouldn't either. No Beta Zeta has brains enough. Or guts."

"Never forget the joy on fraternity row when Psi U grabbed a lady diving champion. Pranks, my boy, high-spirited college jinks. I'm not going to let Betty out of my sight tomorrow. And Julie's in a lot more newspapers than Betty is."

"The dirty names!" Perry said, outraged. "Honest, I'd bust a guy wide open that started anything. Let's organize a T O wrecking squad. With baseball bats."

"Never mind the wrecking squad. Just stick so close to Julie that it will cause talk."

"Here I am wasting my time on classwork when she's all alone in a big theater!" Perry said. "I bet Jumbo Maine keeps them on the job till three o'clock—you know yourself no girl should come home alone at three o'clock." Energetically he changed his tie. "I'm going to the theater. If I see a Beta Zeta I'll climb him just for the principle of the thing."

PERRY went out—conveniently, for Emery didn't want to talk about the really important news. Last night the cops had raided the Tetlow Inn on a search warrant for gambling games, and today, in Brookfield, the court had dismissed that charge but touched Maxie for fifty on general principles. Here was something pretty big. The raid had been timed wrong or else Maxie had got a tip, for all his games were closed when the cops arrived. But why had it happened at all? The Tetlow Inn had never been raided before. It had been obviously and achingly immune. Whose sore thumb was sticking up?

Emery's hunch was that Bill Snelling was behind that raid. All the cops in the countryside except the Webster ones played ball with the Zimmerman press, and if old Bill wanted a raid all he had to do was say so. It was proved up to the hilt that old Bill and Maxie had been disagreeing. Sure: old Bill was saying, behave yourself, Maxie, or else. And wouldn't it be nice to know what the pals were quarreling about?

Emery went down to the Daily and

"You'd better have a talk with Kevin, Lamb. He burned you in effigy this afternoon" CHAS. ADDAMS

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spent a couple of hours checking the layout of tomorrow's supplement on the Foibles. Guy Johnson had done a good job and the shots of Betty were gorgeous, but Emery couldn't keep his mind on his job. His skin was bothering him again, and when a copyreader casually remarked that Maxie Blotz had been in earlier, arguing with Bill Snelling in a loud and unmannerly way, he turned the works over to Johnson and went out to look at the view.

The Tetlow Inn was dark upstairs; so Maxie had closed his games. The downstairs made Emery shudder; it was full of undergraduates sporting outing clothes and a healthy glow who had been skating on the Tetlow River—athletic men, robust girls. Almost at once he noticed something very interesting. There were some strangers here—very quiet strangers, four or five of them, sitting at tables, each behind a glass of beer, and not saying anything. Maybe they were supposed to be college boys but they looked like movie gangsters. And every one of them had chosen a table that had a nice angle on a door or some French windows. Emery's skin sat up and said uncle. Maxie had called in some new playmates!

PRETTY soon Maxie came over, said, "Glad to see you, Emery—come in the office for a minute," and told a waiter to follow him with a split bottle of champagne. Maxie never had been a treat to the eye, but now his small and swarthy face was just a snarl. On the surface he was being a genial host and friend of all the world, but underneath he was sore as hell. Send him to the lab and you'd get a report that he was on the warpath.

"You're givin' me a break on this Brookfield pinch, ain't you, Emery?" he asked.

Emery was wounded and loyal. "Did I print a word about the raid?"

"You always been a pal," Maxie admitted. The waiter brought in the champagne, drew the cork, and left. Maxie filled the glasses. "The hell with the cops!"

Emery yawned and blinked, trying to look as simple as Perry Henderson, which came hard. "Yeah, but you always treated the cops right. Must be somebody don't love you, Maxie, and I get to wondering. I come out this way: the Brookfield cops probably get theirs from Henry Zimmerman. How well do you know this Bill Snelling?"

"I see him round but I don't know him." Maxie was enormously uninterested but his little black eyes smoldered. "At that, I'd like to. You know him?"

"Oh my, yes," Emery said drowsily. "His office is in my shop. I see him every day but I don't yearn to marry him. My idea—" he got confidential, "is some day the university is sure to crack down on old Bill, to pay back some of the stuff he runs in the papers. I'm going to love that. But what I wonder is why old Bill would have his cops raid a perfect stranger like you."

"Aw, it was just some cops soundin' off." The little pig eyes were vindictive. "Comin' back to this what's-his-name, Snelling. Anything you notice, I'd be glad to hear about. I don't forget a friend."

"He's the egg that talked rough to me. I'd give his death notice a banner head."

"Yeah, I noticed he talks rough."

"And he talks too much. Well, what I hear, you'll hear too, Maxie."

"I don't forget a friend."

Emery's skin understood that this was some kind of bargain and he was now in alliance with a petty racketeer—maybe not so petty, at that. You did run into the damnedest things in the newspaper business. And the detective business.

"Funny you'd think of Snelling. Pretty wise guy, aren't you, Emery?" Maxie said.

"Naw. Once he called me a bright boy. I'm not bright—so I didn't like it. I'm not wise, either. But Morrison University—there's a pretty wise setup, Maxie." He stood up. "I got to go put out a paper. Tomorrow's a big day in the college business. Remember the night I got socked? There was a blonde here that night—she's the star of tomorrow's show. When I think about the Zimmerman papers, I hope they don't get too interested in that blonde or that show. Morrison University is a pretty wise setup."

Maxie went out with him. "Pal," he said, "I wouldn't worry about that blonde. I'd say she wouldn't be a good play for anybody right now."

Anyway, he knew what blonde. The trouble with being an ally of a racketeer was that you had to speak the language.

"He's been over at that tourist camp again" REAMER KELLER

What Maxie had said must mean something if you could get it translated. It would be nice to know what Maxie was going to tell Snelling about this conversation. . . . As Emery was driving away, he saw Snelling's car turn in. Say what you would about old Bill Snelling, he had guts wholesale. All of Maxie's new playmates were here just for Bill's sake and Bill walked right in. When you were running the Zimmerman information service you had lots of confidence in your backers.

THE next day some already alarming symptoms became acute. After lunch Emery ordered some flowers sent to the theater that night. About three o'clock he got the idea he'd been niggardly and so, dropping in at another florist's, he had some more sent. He'd sent enough flowers to stock a funeral and Betty would roar with laughter. Well, anyway, a good laugh was something.

And it was remarkable how little eye he had for the show. Sitting in the first row, he was dimly aware that this was another Jumbo Maine miracle and that the audience, which jammed the Ashton Memorial to the eaves, was going wild about it.

But every time that Betty came on, the melancholy he was floundering in got deeper. In spite of all the strain she had been under she was having a grand time, and that pulverized him. In that cellophane dress, in her Hezekiah Morrison costume, in a grass skirt, in a tennis dress, in one getup that consisted of about a hundred yards of chiffon—in everything she was so lovely that he wanted to bawl.

WHEN the first-act curtain fell and rose again and ushers streamed up the aisles with flowers, she could barely see over the pile that was heaped in front of her, but she did see over it and looked square at him and smiled mistily, and he couldn't stand it.

Afterward he went backstage, where the whole company had gone crazy. Everyone was hugging and kissing everyone else, and yelling, and singing bits of songs, and laughing. Boys from the Daily were firing flash bulbs by the dozen. Jumbo had an arm round Julie and his face was covered with lipstick where thirty chorus girls had kissed him, and he grabbed Betty with the other arm and told her she was glorious, which was the most monstrous understatement ever heard. Betty saw Emery and broke away from Jumbo and came over to him. And stopped six feet away.

"All those flowers!" she said. "What a darling you are, darling!"

Emery said incredulously, "What was that word you used?"

"That word," Betty said dangerously, "was 'darling.' "

Carl Gilson told himself that now, far more urgently than any other time in his life, it was necessary to be altogether calm. But how could he be calm? Cornish had come into Carl's office in Cass Hall to say these monstrous things. And for a man who would say them there was only one proper end: he should be killed. He wanted to throw himself at that repulsive hulk, get his hands on that thick throat—but he must be calm.

Cornish had stopped prowling round the office and was looking at something in the corner. It was a bag of golf clubs, disregarded there for two months. Cornish took out one club and looked at it, then another, then a third. He faced Carl. "You're a fool," he said. "You may be crazy too—I don't know. I do know you're a fool."

"Cornish," Carl said, "I'm through listening to you. If you don't get out of here at once, I won't answer for myself."

"I'll answer for you," Cornish said. Oh, a great brute of a man, stolid as an ox—but dangerous as a maddened bull. "All right, I'll stop hinting, I'll just tell you. Nobody at Morrison is to receive another anonymous letter. If Suzanne does—or Julie Lomax—or you—or even me, now—the whole collection goes into Dean Hannan's hands ten minutes later. And you go to jail ton minutes after that."

Carl could actually see the pit opening at his feet, actually feel the edge crumbling under him. That oxlike face blurred and swam and faded. But be crafty and still! "It's you that's talking like a maniac, Cornish. And if the police come into this, it will be you they'll take away. But I don't call on the police—I watch out for myself. Get out—get out before I throw you out!"

Cornish stood there undisturbed. "It was good luck that brought Suzanne to your house in time to see you read the letter you had mailed to yourself. But it was good planning to mail it just then—you knew her. The way to rivet Suzanne to you was to order her away from you. You understand women, don't you, Gilson? You understood Julie Lomax—you knew the right kind of letter to write her, too." Here his voice turned savage. "Someone will put a stop to you for good some day! You're through at Morrison, Gilson."

Above the roaring in his ears he heard his own voice shrill and piercing. "If you say another word, if you—I'll kill you, do you hear?"

GILSON could see an ineffable and maddening contempt in Cornish's face, and after a moment Cornish went on, quietly, "You fool, a hundred people have seen you play your tennis shots with either hand at will. And if a hundred people have seen you sign your name with your right hand, another hundred have watched you play golf." He turned, snatched a club from the canvas bag. "Left-handed clubs—you poor damned fool! Here!" He thrust the club at Carl suddenly, and then said contemptuously, "You took it with your left hand."

Carl's mind turned to flame when the club touched his hand and he brought it far back and swung with it. But his wrist was seized and the club clattered across the room and Cornish's arms were around him. His full, desperate strength was nothing at all—he was forced backward against the desk, down on it, his arms flailing. An iron forearm was across his throat. He tried to scream but his breath was shut off.

Then he could see again and Cornish was across the room. Carl staggered to a chair. Cornish said slowly, "Sometime you'll try that with someone who won't let you up. . . . Look, what other games you may be playing, what any of your games are, who plays them with you—I don't care a damn. Or what Dean Hannan intends to do about you. Or anything else. Only this—don't let any of them touch Suzanne. And don't write any more letters. You wouldn't like the life at Leavenworth."

The door shut behind Cornish. . . .The hounds were after Carl Gilson, the pack was in full cry! The enemy was loose! This was the crisis! It must be met with clear thinking, the icy deliberateness that would see the right steps and take them.

He could still win! Victory had been within his grasp—and it had not yet gone. Even with Cornish bent on destroying him, even with Dean Hannan's

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one-line letter on his desk, demanding his resignation—even now he could still come out on top.

He reached for the telephone. But the door opened quietly and Snelling came in as quietly as a snake glides, closed the door, latched it, sat down, shoved his hat back off his forehead, lit a cigarette, and said in his soft, wispy voice, "Maybe you don't know it, Gilson, but this is pay day."

If Cornish made him flame with rage, Snelling made him freeze with hate—and that was best, for it left his mind clear and sure. Snelling must be deceived for a little longer till the great game could be won for good, and he must never guess that the big card, the final ace, was in Carl's hand. Yet Snelling's belief that Carl was afraid of him was intolerable. Carl made his voice smooth: "Bill, we'd do business together better if you'd get it through your head that I'm not afraid of you."

"Yeah." Sprawled lank and cadaverous in the chair, his long arms hanging limp, his thick glasses gleaming, the reporter looked like a hospital case. "I know—a brave guy. I just want to make sure you ain't so brave you'd try to work a double-cross on me."

"That hadn't occurred to me. But, of course, it's one of your professional risks."

"Yeah." Cigarette smoke spiraled from the sinister, relaxed mouth. "I don't like risks. I had to slap Maxie down this week. Maybe you'll save bein' slapped down if you remember you're a crook too."

The little jets of rage inside him had to be quelled. Give no sign! And note well that the long-smoldering discord between Snelling and Maxie had broken out. That was important information. Possibly Maxie could be made use of. Carl said, "I play ball with you for what's in it—not because you scare me. What could you do to me except release some stories that would get me fired from Morrison? My dear fellow, I'm going to be fired anyway."

"Yeah. At that, maybe I could help." Snelling's eyes were closed against the lazy cigarette smoke. Without emphasis, he said, "We're going to have action now. We never got anywhere with the Lomax girl. That was a good setup. But no, you saw your way to something bigger, so we let that slide. We won't let the big stuff slide."

THIS was the precarious place. Play for time!—for the indispensable forty-eight hours that would put him beyond Snelling's reach. "It's still good," Carl said.

"Yeah. It's good. And it's now, Gilson. . . . Look, I was sent here to do a job. If I don't do it, I'm out of a job. Fast. So I'm givin' you this job to do—now. You fool, do you think we can wait forever? I'm tellin' you to do your job."

Carl contrived a suave and confident smile. "You see, Bill, in part we must wait on the lady's whim."

"Yeah. So get started. Your story is ladies are your home grounds—they do what you say. You make 'em smile pretty when they ask for more. Yeah. I want my story this week. That's time for three ladies, with you doin' the work. That leaves you three days to get the lady's whim in shape."

Snelling had miscalculated and the game was Carl's! He had three days—and today and tomorrow would be enough. "I won't let you down, Bill."

"I know." Snelling stood up, hands in his overcoat pockets, yellow face blank, thick shoulders drooping. "One reason you won't, it's good either way. The Lomax doll don't make as good a story as if the name was Bradford, but she makes a good story. You had plenty fun—for two months anyway. I'd hate to make trouble for a pal. But 'Morrison Prof shares love nest with prominent coed,' that's a front page spread in any man's paper. My boss would love it. No, you won't let us down."

So Julie had talked. Snelling had talked her into talking. Bullied her. The rage that he must not show spurted in him again. He gave himself one infinitely satisfying indulgence. He said, "I won't, Bill. But someday I may kill you."

"Yeah, a brave guy. Brave guys bore me. So long, Gilson."

Cornish—Dean Hannan—Snelling—Julie. The pack was loosed, the walls were closing in, the trap was sprung. The challenge had been sounded.

He picked up the phone and called Susanna's number.

"I WRECKED my life once," Susanna said. "One moment when I had to make up my mind, and I thought I was listening to what my heart said, and six years of grief and loathing. And now—to run away again! Carl, you must not ask me to!"

The old, terrible pattern once again! She had paid six years of shame for a runaway marriage, and now her fiancé had demanded that she make another one. Headlines writhed in her mind—and the obscene talk of hundreds—and her father's shock—and the prompt moves of his enemies.

And Carl! She did not know what mysterious crisis had forced him to this demand, but no matter what it was he had been forced to make it and she was forced to answer it.

"'Listening to what your heart said!'" He was terribly gentle, and suffering had brought exaltation to his pale face. "My dearest, only listen to it now. If your heart doesn't say yes, why then we'll shake hands in friendship and I'll trouble you no more, but only wish you well and go out of this room forever." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Into the hands of my enemies."

She had been too proud ever to ask just who those enemies were. The university that envied and misunderstood and hated him, and unknown figures from his past, from the turbulent past of a hot-tempered and brilliant and wayward man. No matter! His enemies were closing in on him now and she must make her choice.

His fine hands clenched. "I have no right," he said. "I'm outside all laws—I'm a lone rider. It was tragedy for both of us when I fell in love with you."

He stepped toward her, but she raised a beseeching hand. "Don't touch me, Carl. We mustn't blind ourselves with emotion—we must think."

He assented instantly. "You're right. . . . And when we think, I lose. What can I offer you except danger and the world's contempt? I can't give you safety, Ann, or pride, or any of the easy things. You'll be marrying nothing you've asked of life—not the sure routine, the security of the little college world, the sweet contentment of no risks run and no chances taken and no enemies made. I can only give you—well, only you can know whether we've had splendor and glory."

Every word struck through to her self-doubt, and his voice, gentle and sad but charged with passionate pleading, was dissolving away the last desperate vestiges of her resistance. "But why," she said in agony, "why must we run away, now, this instant, with no warning, with no plans? Why can't we have dignity—hold up our heads and be married for all the world to see? I was a headlong fool once—why must I be one again?"

"Why?" he said proudly. "Because you love me or you don't. Because you're on my side or you're against me. Because when the issue is forced on us,

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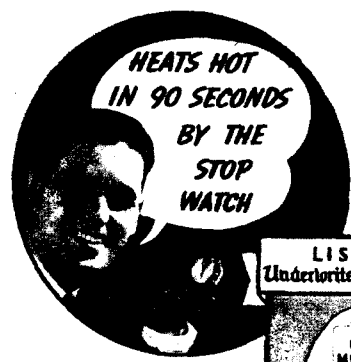

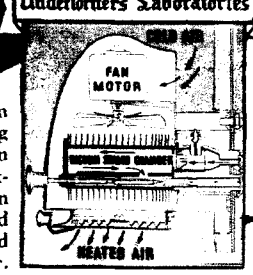

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Because it warms you from the feet up *while your engine's still cold,* this amazing Stewart-Warner South Wind has already won hundreds of thousands of friends and owners. It's guaranteed to heat hotter and faster—because it works a new way, *by burning gasoline in a patented sealed vacuum chamber!*

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you must stand by the man you love—and save him—or you don't love him at all."

She had one last, despairing pang, thinking that her father also had enemies whom this would serve, and then that perished too. "When shall we go?" she said. "Where shall we go?"

So it was said and the irrevocable step was taken. His face was triumph unalloyed. "If it could be tonight! But it can't be. . . . I'll give my lectures tomorrow morning. I'll call for you at two. We'll go to Brookfield. . . . Ann!"

He was gone, and so tomorrow she would be, for the second time, a bride; and, for the second time, an eloping bride. Like any schoolgirl! . . . She went upstairs, and suddenly knew that the half hour had drained her strength away. She was exhausted, listless, lethargic, and she could not recapture the delirium of that decisive moment.

The phone on her dressing table rang. "This is Alec. I'm coming to see you."

"I can't see you," she said instantly, roused to anxiety and defiance.

"I'm coming."

"I won't see you."

"Yes you will," he said and hung up, and she knew that nothing could stop him. She had hardly finished dressing when he came. She went downstairs furious at his domineering, but anxiety was added to anger the moment she saw him, for his face was hard.

"I've solved your mystery," he said. "There'll be no more letters."

"Letters!" She could not suppress the hysterical laughter that rose to her lips. "I had forgotten about them. They don't matter any more."

HE STARED at her and she had again that oppressive feeling that she could hide nothing from Alec Cornish that he might want to know. And while he stared, her anger grew. She said bitingly, "And if this is an excuse to come and make love to me—"

He disregarded that thrust. "So they don't matter?" Still keeping that hard concentration fixed on her, he waved toward a chair. "Sit down, Suzanne." She sat down. "They were the most urgent thing in the world and now they don't matter. I was to move heaven and hell till I found out about them, and now you're not interested. . . . But now I think you'll have to know who wrote them."

"Alec," she said more easily, "I'm perplexed and very tired. And it's quite true—whatever you've found out about those letters, they don't matter now."

He nodded. She had never seen a greater certainty: he knew what he was doing and she could not help fearing that he knew what she was doing too. She remembered thinking, that ominous night when she had taken the letters to him, that he was carved of stone. She had had reason enough since then to know otherwise, but now he was stone again, bleak and cold and relentless.

"Tell me exactly what you did when you got the letters. And exactly what you did when Gilson showed you the one he got."

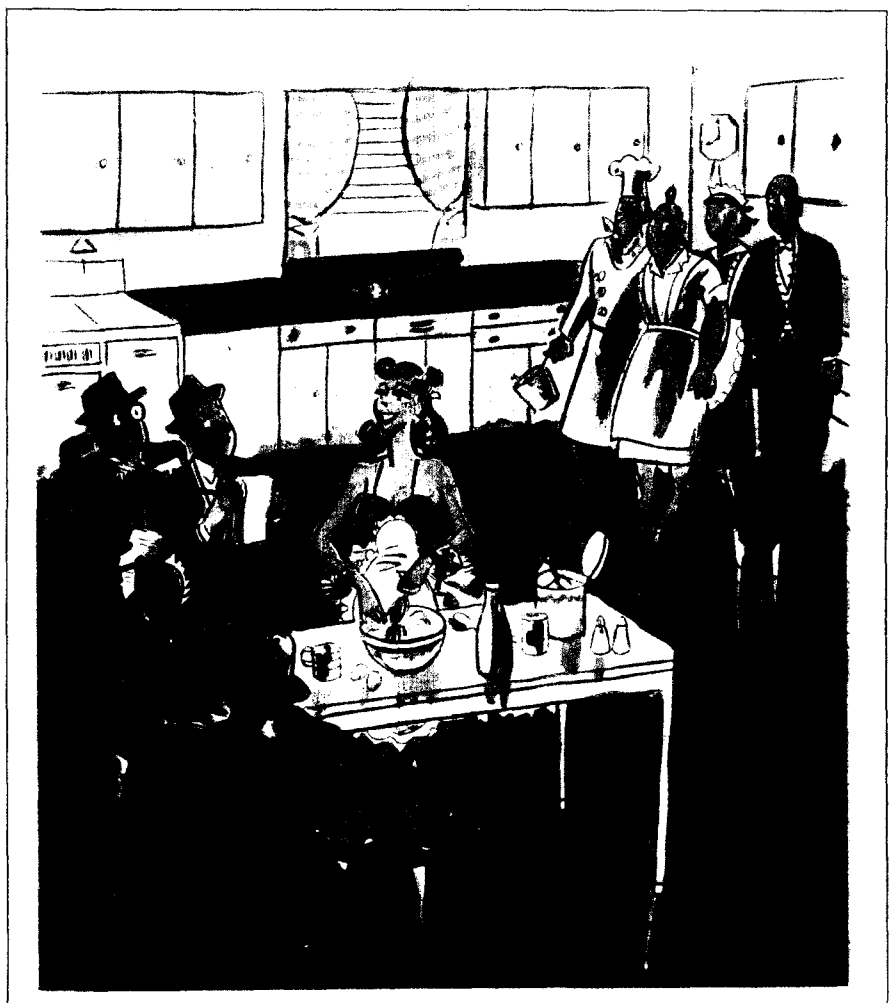
"I will not be cross-examined!" she cried.

She had started to rise but he took her shoulder, forcing her back. "Stop being a child!" He stood away, shrugged regretfully, spoke gently. "When will we stop fighting each other and ignoring everything that counts? . . . Well, if you won't be questioned, you'll be told, Suzanne. I know what you did—knowing you is a skill I've bought at a high price. I know you, Suzanne. And someone else knows you too."

He was silent for a space and his unwavering gaze was sad. "This is what you did. When the first letter came, you flamed into resentment of the cowardice that would attack a man behind his back. From that moment you championed Gilson. He came out of the crowd. He was no longer just an acquaintance, just someone you chatted and danced with, flirted with maybe. He was interesting and sad—shamefully attacked. Isn't that so?"

She let her lip curl. But she had begun to forget the thousand stresses she was under, losing them in this new one, which was the more uncomfortable because he was telling the exact truth. . . . She made out some hesitation and regret in him, some curious pity that was incongruous with his bleak resolution.

AFTER a moment he went on: "Then the second letter came. It ordered you to stop seeing him. . . . No one need wonder what you did then. The next minute you had him on the phone, and as soon as possible you were with him in the most conspicuous way at the most public place you could find. Where was it, Suzanne?"



"—and in the evening I just love to putter around in the kitchen"

BARNEY TOBEY

He had her: in decency she must tell the truth. But her breath had grown shakier still and she had begun to tremble. How Alec Cornish was fated to produce panic in her! Or was it something other than panic, something deeper and less to be believed? She tried to confute him with a smile. "It was the main dining room at the Webster Arms. I phoned him at once."

He nodded. "And so you were at his house when he opened the third letter. . . . Do you think you ever would have been there if you had not received the other two? . . . And this one commanded him, for your sake, to give you up forever." She thought his face grew grayer still. "You didn't promise to marry him that rainy afternoon; it was sometime later or you would have told me in the rain. But with that third letter . . . put it this way—from that afternoon there was no doubt you would." His hand moved and closed. "Am I right, Suzanne?"

Here was one more unneeded demonstration of his old skill. Her cheeks were hot and her heart was pounding. But she had to say, "Yes."

He was out of his chair, this big, rock-like man, and he was as agitated as she was. He felt haggard, strained beyond the far limit of endurance, and certainly he looked ashen. So her urgencies, perplexities and desperations came to a sudden, momentary lull, and in that moment there was only this scene, clear and terrible in her eyes and in her nerves too. Two people who for years had agonized each other, here in this quiet room subtly lighted for peacefulness and rest, two mortal enemies, and his eyes suffering, and her heart transfixed. Surely they could not have blindly wreaked this cruelty on each other if something behind it were not trying to break through, if they had not . . . loved each other more than all the world.

One moment, clear and terrible! She thought: there have been so many moments, all of them blundered, lost, thrown away. And in the old time, the vanished time we can no longer believe in—so often then, if instead of patient argument and clear logic and final frustrated rage, if he had once broken me by main force! He had been my husband, but I needed to be mastered too. Oh, Carl, Carl, I'm marrying you tomorrow and Alec could betray you now, this instant . . . if he would . . . if he were not patient and blind.

SO HE shattered the moment to bits, and that was forever. He turned to her with an effort that made his face granite again, and was very cool, very detached, very patient and logical. "They were pretty skillful letters, weren't they, Suzanne? They played on you with the expert sureness of a concert violinist. Step by step toward the inevitable end. Skillful and sure. Someone who knew you very well. Someone who knew women very well." He paused, then said harshly, "Why did you never wonder who could profit from them?"

She did not at first understand what he meant, but his shattering that moment had, as so many times before, unlocked her fury. "What do you mean?" she said.

"Exactly what I said. Who profited from them? Who could never possibly be suspected since he was a victim too?" He wasn't quiet now. "What is the profit, Suzanne? You are, you stubborn fool! And who took the profit? Who wrote the letters?"

She was able to keep her poise for a split second. She stood up. "That did it, Alec. You can go now." Then she couldn't see anything but whirling light and her voice broke out of control. "In the worst I've thought of you, I never supposed you were a sneak or a coward. I never thought you were an assassin. Or maybe I did; maybe I only thought you didn't dare—"

He said, "Be still!" She struggled against the hand that had her shoulder, and was gasping, "Go away, Alec, I'll never listen to you again," and she was choked with angry tears and her strength ebbed. He had both her shoulders, holding her so that she could not move at all, and finally struggle died in her and she was still. He said, quietly, almost humorously, "Of course that did it. Do you suppose I didn't know it would? Suzanne, I've loved you for seven years, never so much as these last weeks. Would I rejoice at having to throw my love away?"

She whispered, "I have to listen to you—you've proved you're strong enough to make me. Why, think, you could beat me if you tried—maybe you're brave enough to try beating Carl. I think you'll have your chance."

"Does that mean you'll ask him, Suzanne?"

"Do you think I believe what you've said?"

"No. But do you dare ask him about it?"

"You see, there's such a thing as trust. No, Alec, I'll never speak to him about it. That means you're safe. And I'm grateful to you, for otherwise, after I'm married to him, I might sometimes have remembered you with kindness."

SHE crumpled into a chair, her eyes closed. She said, "You can do me this decency—you can go away now." He was saying something but she didn't hear—she was already wondering where she could reach Carl. At his house? At the Faculty Club? Or must she try to find him in the unknown places of his enemies whose names she had never heard? But she must and would find him now. Not tomorrow, not Brookfield. But tonight and here. She would be married in an hour.

Suddenly she did hear what Alec was saying and it began to have meaning. "And one thing, Suzanne. Don't get married in haste." She came awake again. "I'm afraid you've got to listen a little longer, Suzanne. I've got to lecture to you for a moment. On the law of divorce. . . .

"I've gone into it pretty exhaustively—I've had to. I haven't said anything for I would never interfere. And I couldn't interfere anyway, for I'm a party to it. But, you see, you may not . . . be divorced from me. You weren't a bona fide resident of Wyoming. You went there for the sole purpose of getting a divorce, when you were legally a resident of this state. Legally that was fraud, and there was collusion too. Legally I can't protest, for I was part of the collusion. But if someone else protested—if some enemy of yours or of your father's went into court. . . . Well, Suzanne, maybe you're still Mrs. Alexander Cornish. . . . Maybe if you carried out the intention that shows in your face, you'd be a bigamist. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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Have You a Reservation?

Continued from page 16

to assistants. Drunks, bad-check vendors, loud, boisterous college boys, and people who just "don't look nice" come under the head of "objectionable." As we have a large number of citizens in New York who come under this classification, the man whose job it is to separate the wheat from the chaff earns his salary. The three men who own and operate the Stork Club, El Morocco and 21 are far more interesting than most of their customers. All three are wealthy. All three are graduates of the School of Prohibition. During those days all of them were more or less associated with the "mob" that controlled the distribution of liquor but none was ever part of the "mob." Neither Billingsley, Kreindler nor Perona would ever conform to the moving-picture estimate of a bootlegger, yet each became wealthy riding the tide of antiprohibition sentiment. All three are suave gentlemen of charm and intelligence.

A Drugstore in the Bronx

These three men are not by birth or background quite the stuff of which social arbiters are made. John Perona, born in Italy, was once a bus boy and a waiter. Jack Kreindler, born in Vienna, was once a bartender and headwaiter, while Sherman Billingsley, Oklahoma born, was a farm boy and later a druggist. All three of them, of course, ran what were once called speakeasies. In fact they ran the three most successful speakeasies in New York, just as now they run the three most successful legitimate places.

Let's take a look at these three gentlemen and the establishments over which they hold a power of life and death. The Stork Club on East 53d Street, just off Fifth Avenue, was decorated at the rather staggering cost of $105,000, all of which Billingsley paid in cash. Billingsley has an amazing instinct for doing the right thing in business matters. He was like that as a youngster in Enid, Oklahoma. As a kid he'd get up early and run around to the back door of saloons collecting empty whisky bottles. He could get a cent each for them. He kept pigeons and sold them too. He sold magazines and then, for five dollars, he bought a soft-drink stand.

When he was fifteen he had saved a thousand dollars and he and his brother bought a drugstore in Oklahoma City. When he was eighteen he had four thousand dollars and Oklahoma City looked very small. He wandered to Detroit. Prohibition had just arrived and there was only one thing for an adventuresome kid to do in Detroit. Almost every high-school youngster with a car was making profitable trips across the Canadian border. You could buy whisky for forty dollars a case in Canada. You could sell it for a hundred dollars in Detroit. Young Sherman threw himself joyously into this new game. Somehow it never seemed illegal.

Oklahoma had always been dry territory, yet most everyone drank. Bootlegging was considered to be an honorable and essential profession. There was the town doctor, the town lawyer, the town undertaker and the town bootlegger. That's how life was. Sherman never got over his faint bewilderment that some people considered bootlegging not only illegal but also reprehensible. By the time he was nineteen, Sherman had fifteen thousand dollars and he decided to storm New York.

"I thought I'd buy into a business," Sherman says, recalling those days. "I looked at a newspaper and found that hundreds of drugstores were on the market. There was one in the Bronx I liked. It was on the Harlem River. I thought it would be nice to have a place on the banks of a river."

The Harlem River is not exactly the romantic river that brings up memories of show boats and crinoline. Actually it is a rather thick, green, oil-smeared body of water on which berry crates and banana peels dance merrily. Billingsley walked into the drugstore, laid five thousand-dollar bills on the counter and said, "I'll buy your place."

The owner looked at the five gee's, blinked twice, took off his white coat and said, "Mister, you own a drugstore."

In the early 1920's, a drugstore sold many things, among which was whisky. This was especially true of Harlem. There was a little man named Benny Greenberg who went from doctor to doctor buying up prescriptions for whisky. Then he would sell the prescriptions to patients whose only ailment was thirst. The neighbors soon found out that Billingsley's drugstore sold only uncut whisky; it was expensive but it was good. They would buy the prescriptions from Benny Greenberg and walk into the drugstore to buy a quart of bourbon for a cold.

"On the face of it," Sherman says now, "the whole thing was legal; that is, so far as I was concerned. They brought in prescriptions good on their face and I sold them whisky. I made plenty of money and ended up owning ten drugstores."

In order to save broker's commissions, Billingsley opened up a real-estate office of his own.

Two friends of his popped into town from Oklahoma. They were loaded with spare liquid assets in the form of long green bills, all the result of alky deals in Oklahoma. They wanted to open a speakeasy in New York, and they asked Sherman in his capacity of real-estate broker to find them a place. He rented them a rather pretentious establishment on West 58th Street half a block from the New York Athletic Club, of which Billingsley was a member.

Saved by a Line

The place boomed for a while but then one of the partners got homesick for the salt plains of his native state. He left and Sherman bought his half interest merely as a friendly gesture. Finally the other partner quit for a most curious reason.

"I can't stand this New York," he told Sherman. "Girls come into the place with their faces painted and they sit around and smoke. I can't stand girls who paint their faces and smoke, Sherman. Honest, Sherman I want to go home. Will you buy me out?"

So Sherman found himself with a beautifully furnished speakeasy and no talent or inclination to run it. The place had everything but customers. It was costing Billingsley about two thousand dollars a week to maintain it. He would sit gloomily at a table in the back wishing that he was back in Oklahoma.

The Stork Club was saved by a then little-known columnist named Walter Winchell. Winchell was just beginning his rather incredible career as a Broadway columnist. He walked into the Stork Club one night and hurried to his typewriter to write "The Stork Club is the Newyorkiest place in town."

That one little line printed in that column brought the Stork Club to the notice of the night-club public. Helen

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Morgan read it. La Morgan had just finished making a picture in the Long Island studios. She gave a party for the cast and gave it at the Stork Club. When it was over she paid the bill with two thousand-dollar notes. That two thousand kept Sherman in business. Billingsley is not one to forget favors. La Morgan today can have anything that Billingsley has—except one thing. She can't get a check in his place.

"Helen and Walter made my place," Sherman says now. "They brought Heywood Broun, Herbert Swope and a lot of other people in. They kept coming in and they really tided me over until things got better."

Things were easy after that. Everyone liked Sherman. His prices were high but if you ordered a vintage champagne, 1917, you knew that you wouldn't get Mulberry Street apple cider and charged water, 1925. Never in all those speakeasy years did anyone ever complain of getting a drink of bad liquor in the Stork Club. He prospered, opened a larger Stork Club and when repeal came he shot the works by opening his present pretentious establishment. He was a bit dubious about that. He thought that people wouldn't drink, now that they could drink legally. But he was wrong. The new Stork Club was a hit from the start. Last year he grossed just under a million dollars. Billingsley has made enough money to keep him, his wife and two children forever. He isn't hungry for any more.

Only "Nice People" Admitted

At present the Stork Club is headquarters of the New York debutantes. At cocktail hour the place is full of these chattering youngsters. A typical Stork Club night would find present such people as Herbert Swope, J. Edgar Hoover, Grace Moore, Deems Taylor, Heywood Broun, Gene Tunney, Westbrook Pegler, Ethel Merman, Mae Murray, Dick Merrill, Walter Winchell, Mrs. James Farley, Louis Sobol, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Steve Hannagan, Bee Lillie, Thomas Wolfe, Bill Corum.

A great many Hollywood boys and girls make directly for the Stork Club on their arrival: Gregory La Cava, Eddie Sutherland, Lewis Milestone, John McClain, Dashiell Hammett, Myron Selznick, Johnny Weissmuller, Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby and the glamor girls always hit the Stork.

Sherman gives orchid and gardenia corsages to girls who are in evening dress. His flower bill comes to $7,000 a year. His light bill is $12,000 a year and decorations (he redecorates the place twice a year) cost $25,000. He gives away roughly $20,000 worth of wine each year. This is the one expenditure that he loves to make. Billingsley has gone a long way since those early days in Oklahoma.

Jack Kreindler, who operates 21, is quite unlike Billingsley in some ways, but like him he insists upon having only "nice people" in his place. Tall, erect, with close-cropped mustache, Kreindler looks like either a Prussian officer or a headwaiter. Actually Kreindler is perhaps the best headwaiter in the world.

He was born in Vienna but was brought to this country by his parents as a child. Educated in New York public schools and high schools, Kreindler still retains a touch of the old-world manner in his attitude toward his patrons. Kreindler is a rich man today and he did it the hard way. He attended both Fordham and New York University Law School for a time, but left to bring in a few bobs to the family exchequer. His uncle owned a saloon and young Jack made himself useful around the place. He sliced the bologna for the free lunch and tended bar and learned something about beer and whisky. Later he opened up a place of his own—the Red Head. He was only twenty-one then.

The Red Head was a typical Greenwich Village establishment of the war days, loud, rowdy, carefree. The Fronton, another Village place, was added and Kreindler began to accumulate a little capital. A cousin, Charlie Berns, came in as a partner. They've been together ever since without ever having had a serious quarrel. Berns, affable, smiling, made a splendid foil for Kreindler's rather dignified formal front. They were lucky from the beginning and soon they moved uptown to 42 West 49th Street, a place that soon became famous in speakeasy circles.

However, their establishment was regretfully in the way of a large real-estate development and they had to vacate. They looked over a dozen sites and decided upon their present location chiefly because of its address—21 West 52d Street. They had been lucky at No. 42. They thought they'd be at least half as lucky at No. 21.

From the beginning 21 was a huge success. The lights were dim; the large mahogany bar had a look of permanence and respectability about it; the decorations were subdued and in general the atmosphere of an English tavern was maintained. Fights might start in other places and neighbors complain of noise but those things never happened at 21. It was a substantial place for substantial people.

Jack Kreindler's young brother, Mack Kreindler, came from law school into the firm. Repeal didn't hurt Jack and Charlie's. The only difference is that now a framed license hangs over the bar.

Twenty-one grosses something in the neighborhood of $650,000 a year. There is a complete turnover at 21 four times a day—at lunch, cocktail time, dinner and late supper. Forty waiters and a dozen captains administer to the whims of the patrons. Most of them have been with the establishment for years. Karl, Phillip Stone, Pierre, Big Jim, Vincent, Emil—these are fixtures at 21 like the bar or the photographs in the lobby. The chef, Henri Geib, has been with Kreindler since the old days. He is a fine chef and hundreds of regular 21 patrons insist that he's the best chef in New York.

Glamor Girls and Boys

A typical night at 21 would find Edna Ferber, Miriam Hopkins, Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Cole Porter, Gertrude Lawrence, Peggy Joyce, Helen Hayes, Dorothy Parker, Joan Crawford, Marion Cooley, Noel Coward, John O'Hara, Orson Welles in attendance. During the college Easter and Christmas week when the colleges are out, there is usually a large sprinkling of Harvard, Princeton and Yale laddies present, something that makes the old 21 guard shudder. Then, too, there are always a lot of people present who come to gaze at the glamor girls and boys who are regular customers.

It is rather amusing to see the scions of great families, lads whose fathers helped build financial and industrial empires, flush with self-conscious pride because Jack Kreindler, one-time bartender, has bowed to them and remembered their names. It is equally amusing to watch bejeweled dowagers preen themselves until their orchids dance on their shoulders when Jack bows in his courtly way and says, "You know we always have a table for you, Mrs. Doakes."

John Perona, the third arbiter of New York café society, is sleek and youthful-looking. He was born in Avelo, Italy, with a sense of humor that has manifested itself in his passion for playing practical jokes. Once he played a practical joke on an ocean liner and it saved

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his life. He wandered away from Italy at an early age and did the best he could until he hit England. John had one great enthusiasm and one great aversion. He liked pretty girls and he hated hard work. However, economic needs prompted him to sign on as a deck hand on a ship about to leave Southampton. On his way to the sailing he met a very pretty girl who fluttered an eyelash. John forgot all about the job he had signed to do. He and the lassie went a-merrymaking. The ship sailed without him and John chuckled happily at the thought of how annoyed they would be on the ship to find themselves short one hand. The ship was the Titanic, and had he sailed on it there never would have been any Morocco, and thousands of people each year would get a great deal more sleep than they do now.

Keeping the Wolf Away

Later he signed up as a member of the Olympic's crew and in that humble position he came to the New York whose social and financial leaders he was one day to entertain at so much per copy. Perona worked around New York for a while as page boy in the old Knickerbocker Hotel and as bus boy and waiter in other places. Then the call of the sea got him once more. He worked his way to South America and there struck up an acquaintance with a large shaggy-chested gentleman named Luis Firpo. Later when Firpo came to New York to fight, he sought out John. John was just opening up a place and Firpo helped a great deal. Firpo had an aversion to spending money but his very presence in those days was a magnet that drew a lot of people into Mr. Perona's eat and drink emporium.

That gave Perona his start. All during prohibition he did well with the Jungle Club, the Bath Club and finally the streamlined Morocco where he has been during the past six years. The Morocco was furnished at great cost to resemble a room of horrors guaranteed to frighten any child and delight the heart of a debutante. There are synthetic stars blinking in the ceiling. The motif for upholstery is taken from the zebra.

Perona seldom buys a drink except for a small, favored clientele who sit at what they like to call the Round Table. Every night there will be a handful of well-dressed, good-looking and, in many cases, well-born loafers sitting around amusing Perona and one another. They "dress the place up," Perona believes, so he lets them sit around playing their little practical jokes, and telling one another amusing lies in pleasant treble voices. They toil not, neither do they spin, but their clothes hang well and they are attentive to the people who come into El Morocco to spend money.

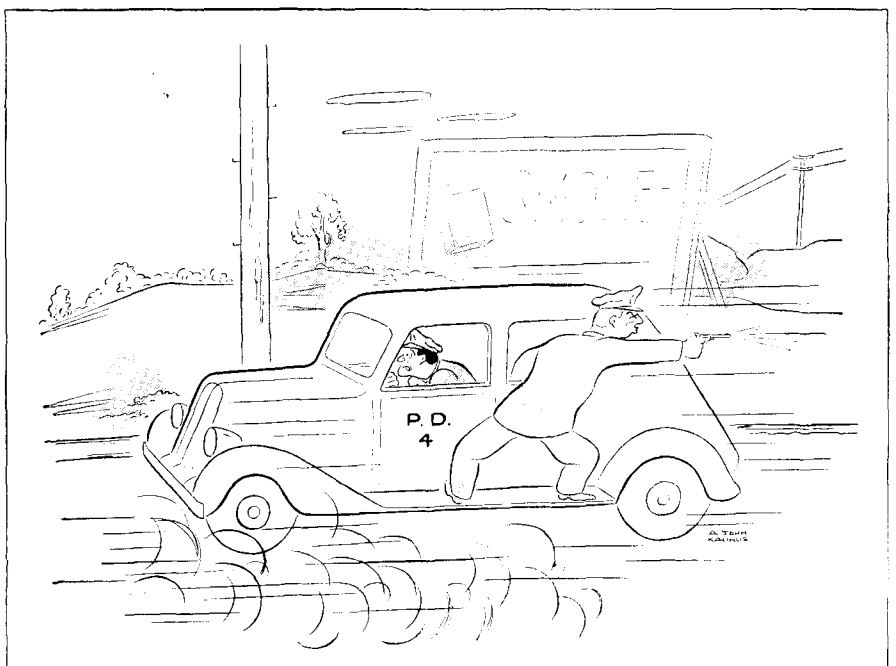
Three years ago Perona and El Morocco were saved by a story just as Billingsley's place was once saved by a line in Winchell's column. Times were hard and Perona's customers, most of whom made their living in or by the stock market, were staying away in droves.

Lucius Beebe wrote a magazine story on café society, which brought the term into popular favor. In the article he extolled the virtues of El Morocco and told how it was the headquarters for the younger smart lads and lassies. Immediately El Morocco was crowded with people who thought that they were the smart lads and lassies referred to. Others came to see these fabulous heroes and heroines of the rotogravure sections —and, lo, Perona once again began to hear the merry ring of the cash register. Night clubs live by the written word.

Perona has always had good orchestras in El Morocco. He was one of the first to recognize the demand for rumba bands. Like his two rivals, Perona believes in the theory of selectivity. Frank Carino guards the door, and anyone who is listing a bit to starboard, or who just "doesn't look right," gets no farther than that. El Morocco isn't open at lunchtime and it is entirely closed during the summer months, so Perona's gross isn't as high as that of 21 or the Stork. However, the $400,000 (approximate) that comes into the Morocco cash registers every year keeps not only the wolf but also the creditors away and there is enough left over to enable John to pay a very healthy income tax.

If you like to bandy names around you'd find these at the Morocco some night: William K. Vanderbilt, Beth Leary, George Carhart, Marlene Dietrich, Alfred Vanderbilt, Grace Moore, Irene Dunne, Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, W. A. Harriman, Dick Hall. Zerbe gets out a weekly booklet called "No News" for Perona, a clever bit of advertising. Four thousand copies of Morocco news is mailed to twenty countries each week. Night clubs live on publicity. Billingsley and Perona have always employed high-power publicity men. Kreindler has always scorned to use the praise agent.

There they are, Sherman Billingsley of Oklahoma, Jack Kreindler of Vienna, John Perona of Avelo, Italy—the three men who tell New Yorkers what to eat, what to drink, how to behave and what time to go home.



"Hey, Mulligan, they passed us!" A. JOHN KAUNUS

Back of an Enchanting Smile—

is the certainty that her dentifrice provides quick, complete refreshment to her mouth, gums and teeth

Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

EVERY DAY, more and more people realize that ordinary care of teeth and gums is not enough.

They recognize that after every meal, food particles may lodge in many tiny crevices in and between the teeth—that there they may ferment and form the acids that attack enamel, and are a factor in tooth decay.

These people have turned to Squibb Dental Cream because it is made with a safe, scientific antacid that can penetrate into tiny crevices, where the tooth brush cannot reach, and neutralize the acids of decay wherever it comes in contact with them.

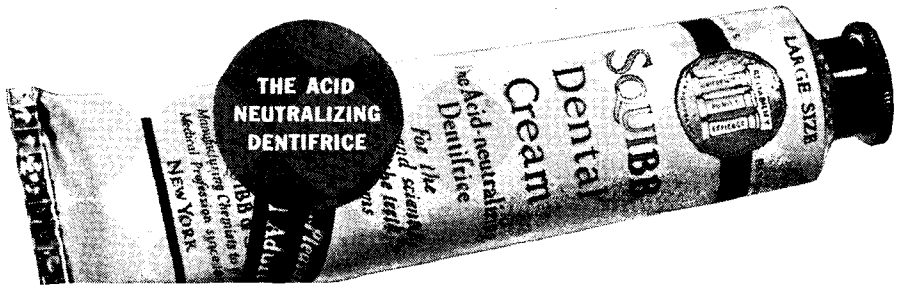
Try this different dentifrice—a scientific product of the Squibb laboratories. Use it regularly—at least twice a day. Note the improvements in the appearance of your teeth, and note particularly its quick refreshment to taste and breath.

Squibb Dental Cream costs no more than many other dentifrices. Get the large economical tube from your druggist today.

And don't forget that by the use of Squibb Dental Cream and adequate professional care, most tooth decay can be prevented.

FOR THOSE WHO PREFER POWDER. Squibb Tooth Powder contains the same essential ingredients as Squibb Dental Cream.

SQUIBB *Dental Cream*



The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

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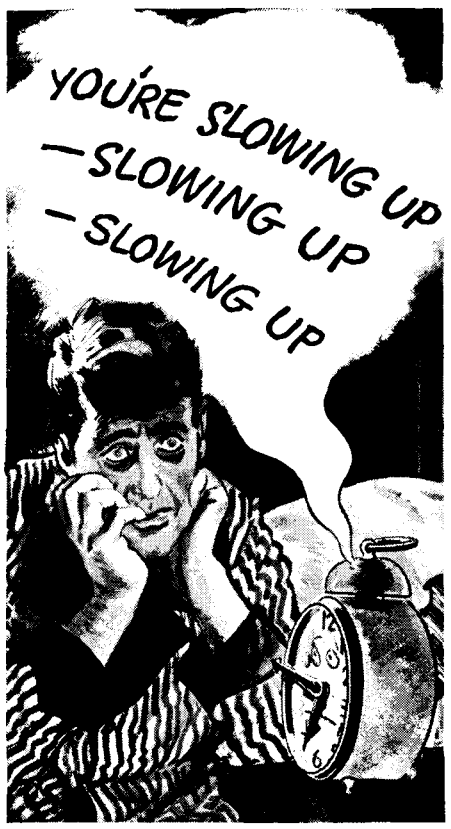

YOU d-r-a-g in the mornings when you get out of bed. Your step has lost its "spring". . . your hand its cunning, at work or games. You fumble.

No wonder you get low in spirits, that your shoulders sag—and then your waistline. No wonder "they" begin to watch you—ask if you're the man you used to be.

Life CAN Begin at 40! Yet life *can* begin at 40! Think of all you've learned and done. You're smarter—more experienced than you ever were before.

All you need is to get that body of yours tuned up till it begins to hum again—till you *feel* the power inside you raring to go—till your nerves are something to laugh at. Man, but it's good to feel that way again!

What Science tells You! A sudden decline in health at 40 can often be traced to a deficiency of important vitamins in the diet.

"Oh," but you say, "I've taken vitamins. They didn't seem to help me."

All too often that's the experience of people over 40 . . . because weaker digestion at middle age may *prevent you from getting full benefit from vitamins you do consume.*

There is a food that can help correct these "after-40" troubles—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Just that. Eat it regularly, and we promise you, not a cure-all, not a miracle of rejuvenation, but a steady improvement of that run-down feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion.

Especially Helpful after 40 For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four vitamins that many people particularly need at middle age. It gives you the resistance vitamin, the vitality vitamin, the vitamin that helps to steady nerves and the bone vitamin. And in addition this fresh yeast acts like a vitamin "booster" for people with a weak digestion. It provides vitamins in a helpful form and also aids in their assimilation by stimulating slow digestion.

In this way Fleischmann's Yeast also helps you to get more nourishment from other foods . . . helps to give you better elimination, helps keep your system free of toxic intestinal wastes.

It's Up to You Isn't it worth a real trial? Every grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly one-half hour before meals—plain or dissolved in water.

"A few years ago my digestion went back on me. I was irritable, too, and I noticed a gradual effect on my work. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I found that it stimulated my digestion and helped me a lot. Now—at 44—I'm getting new business and my chances for promotion seem good." *ALBERT P. SMITH*

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Their Last Mile

Continued from page 13

murder of her husband. It was a brutal murder. There was every element in the case to inflame the imagination of the newspaper-reading public that enjoys such sensations—love, hate, jealousy, the ancient triangle. Ruth Snyder was a woman of better than average appearance, so that the newspaper sob sisters could with slight exaggeration paint her as beautiful in her blond attractiveness.

The pair were sentenced to death in the electric chair and the date of the double execution was finally set for January 12, 1928. Ruth Snyder was to be not only the first woman ever put to death by me but also the first to die such a death at Sing Sing since the execution of Mrs. Martha Place in 1899.

I believe that Sing Sing Prison has never seen such a night as this one of January 12, 1928. Curious, morbid crowds were gathered outside the prison entrance as I arrived shortly after 7 P. M. The crowds grew as the evening wore on. Newspaper applications for press privileges in the death chamber were far more numerous than the number it was possible for Warden Lawes to grant. In addition to the newspapers, the warden had received more than 1,500 applications from anxious would-be witnesses, of which it was impossible to grant more than two dozen. A man and a woman were to die together for a crime they had committed in the name of an illicit love and the world wanted to know the blistering, sickening details.

In accordance with the invariable rule that calls for the woman to go first, to spare her the ordeal of waiting, Ruth Snyder was brought into the brightly lighted death chamber at exactly 11:01. She was preceded by the prison chaplain, the Reverend John McCaffrey, and was supported by two matrons. Her blond hair, bobbed, had been freshly combed. Her chin was held high but it trembled. She faltered as she attempted to repeat the words of a prayer after the priest.

How Ruth Snyder Died

This was the first woman I was to send to eternity as the official executioner of the state of New York. I do not attempt to deny that I found it a repulsive, cruel business.

I think the general impression of men is that women are the braver sex in meeting death. My observation leads me to question that, as a general rule. Ruth Snyder broke and wept as she was placed in the chair.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," came from her shapeless lips, and then, pitifully, pleadingly, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned." Her voice shook.

As the mask hid her face, she uttered an unintelligible prayer. I stepped to the switch. As I turned, I noted hardened newspapermen, men who, I knew, had viewed other executions calmly but who now were deathly pale under the bright lights. There was dead silence as I pulled the switch upward—then the crackling sound of the current as it stiffened the body of what had been a life-loving young woman.

My eyes on the instrument board but glancing, too, at the body in the chair, I decreased the current, then increased it again, repeating this process five times. The thin, slim body was limp. Finally the prison physician applied his stethoscope for perhaps three or four seconds, then announced: "I declare this woman dead."

I had undergone no such ordeal as this since that morning in 1903 when I had performed my first execution. Yet this time I had been in full command of myself. I am not heartless. This was a grisly business, one to cut deep into the heart of any man whose heart was not of stone.

Judd Gray followed in five minutes. He walked firmly, quickly, to the chair. He was that night one of the bravest men I ever have seen go to death by law. He looked straight ahead and uttered no word. Again I pulled the switch up immediately after the electrodes had been applied.

Two minutes later, the doctor again spoke the final words of the grotesque ceremony that is a legal killing: "I declare this man dead."

Inevitable Aftermath

My night's work was done. The law had been fulfilled. I had been the last human agency of that law.

But I wanted to get away from there to breathe the clean air of the winter night.

When I returned home, my wife asked no questions and I told her nothing. I bathed, read for an hour and then went to bed. As I recall it, the story I happened to pick up was Kipling's The Light That Failed.

Public hysteria, public curiosity, had been so much aroused by this trial and resulting executions that it was not surprising that some of it reacted, with my family and myself as targets. After my appointment by Warden Lawes in 1926, I had attempted to avoid publicity so far as possible. It was not until November 1st of that year, ten months after the appointment, that the newspapers penetrated my wall of privacy. Until that time, not even my daughters were aware of the work I was doing. I feared that it might not be pleasant for them in school and in association with their friends if it became known.

One night, however, a newspaperman followed me home from Sing Sing and gained the knowledge, without ever approaching me, which led to the first publication of the story. I believe the New York World first printed the story but at the request of Warden Lawes did not reveal my name and address, stating that it was Lawes' wish that my family and I be spared the annoyance to which my predecessors had been subjected at the hands of cranks.

"The executioner, his wife and his son are co-operating in keeping the secret of her father's occupation from the young daughter of the family," said the World's story. "The mother says the girl is a high-school student and they wish to keep the knowledge that her father is Sing Sing's executioner from becoming public because it might make it unpleasant for her at school."

That was substantially correct, save for the fact that I had two daughters, instead of one. It was not long, however, before the details were discovered and generally published. While attempting ever since to remain in the background, I have not tried to enforce secrecy, and my family, so far as I know, has at no time suffered either in business associations or in social relationships.

I have, of course, received many threats, usually by mail. They have been matters of interest to me, but never of fear. I have saved many of the threats that came as letters and will tell you about them in some detail in another article.

A great number of these preceded and followed the executions of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. The threats have never worried me except when, as at the time of the Snyder case, they have been aimed at my daughters. But we have never taken any special precautions against cranks. It was at the insistence of the police department, not ours, that a 24-hour police guard was maintained at our home for several years and that guards are stationed there now when I am about to perform the execution of a well-known figure. The police also insist on posting a guard at the house each May Day.

I have never carried a gun, although I could, of course, have obtained a permit to do so. My daughters, during their school days and since their marriages, have lived the normal lives of American young women.

Again, as a result of the hysteria following the Ruth Snyder execution—hysteria based on morbidness rather than on sympathy for the condemned woman—a number of newspaper interviews purporting to be with me caused me annoyance and indignation. One in particular, printed in New York, quoted me in lurid language as having been horrified and semihysterical that night when, of all nights, a steady hand and nerve were necessary.

"Let's take one from down here, dear, just as a novelty"

C. W. ANDERSON

The story added, supposedly quoting me, that "Ruth Snyder's face haunts me." It was little wonder that officials of the Department of Correction were disturbed until they learned the facts. Whatever my feelings, and they have never been those of a hysterical, unstrung person, I can assure you I have never permitted them to be paraded for purposes of sensationalism.

One of the penalties we pay for capital punishment is the opportunity it creates for emotional orgies.

My friends rarely question me regarding any experience in the death chamber. But I will admit that a few of them broke under the restraint and asked me, after the execution of Bruno Richard

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Hauptmann at Trenton, New Jersey, on April 3, 1936, if my observation of the Lindbergh kidnaper in the death chair had provided any indication as to whether he alone was guilty of the revolting crime.

I am not a psychologist. I formed my opinions on the Hauptmann case just as every other of the millions of newspaper readers who followed it from day to day. I met no principal of the case at any time. The Hauptmann execution was (and I do not mean to say it callously) only routine.

As Hauptmann, a pitiful shell of a man, wracked by the uncertainty of delays and reprieves, was brought into the death chamber, I busied myself with the preparation of the electrodes and other equipment. The chair had been tested earlier. The air crackled with intensity. To the newspaper-reading public, this was a far more important story around the world than had been the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. But that was not my concern or responsibility. My responsibility was that the condemned man be put to death as quickly and as humanely as possible.

I believe it would have been impossible for Bruno Richard Hauptmann to express himself with any clarity when he reached the death chamber even if he had had something of vital importance to say. At 8 P. M., he had been ready to die. At 8:41, when he entered the execution chamber, he was a bewildered, almost insensible figure of a shrunken man. He was pronounced dead six minutes after he had entered the chamber. For all of the newspaper excitement that had attended his trial and that was present, there was within the death chamber nothing untoward or noteworthy from the point of view from which I write.

I had made one unnecessary trip to Trenton, eluding the newspaper people who haunted my door when my daughter Frances aided with a ruse that pulled them off the scent. She had driven up to the front door of our house in her car, giving the impression that I was to leave with her. Meanwhile, I went out the back way, drove with a friend to the Long Island Railroad station, met one of my sons-in-law in New York and made the trip to Trenton with him by train. But there was no execution. Hauptmann's death had been postponed for "at least 48 hours" by Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, principal keeper in charge of the prison. That was on Tuesday, March 31, 1936.

The Need for Segregation

On April 3, which was Friday, the day of the execution, I left the house at 7 A. M. with Mrs. Elliott before the reporters and photographers had begun their daily vigil. I had borrowed the license plates from my son Bob's car. The newspapermen knew mine and were using it to check on my movements.

Mrs. Elliott and I drove to Summit, New Jersey, and spent the morning with friends. At 1 P. M. I telephoned the prison and was told to proceed to Trenton. I did so, stopping at the outskirts of the city to leave my car, prison officials having suggested that I do this and that they come to get me. In the gasoline filling station, as I waited, the talk was all of Hauptmann.

"He's guilty, all right," said one man, "and I'd like to have the job of that executioner, Elliott, when he turns on the juice tonight."

"Perhaps you wouldn't feel that way if you really had the job," I told him. He did not, of course, know who I was.

I was picked up by a car sent by Joseph Hand, the clerk in charge of the electric chair in New Jersey, and was met by Mr. Hand when I reached the prison. This was about 4 P. M. In New Jersey, the requirement is that I arrive four hours ahead of time. In the other states it is two hours. Those hours are long. I attempt to fill them by exhaustive examination of the chair, preparation of the electrodes and testing of the switches and connections.

If we are to have capital punishment, the condemned should be sentenced to an institution entirely apart from any other prison and should be executed there. This need was proved, I believe, by the mad excitement that attended the Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray executions, the Hauptmann execution and, most vividly, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the night that Sacco and Vanzetti paid the penalty that brought their highly controversial case to a close.

The knowledge that a fellow prisoner is about to die breeds unrest. It has a devastating effect on the prisoner who is serving time for a minor crime and is in prison supposedly for reclamation by society. In the case of the hardened, desperate criminal who is antisocial, the unrest born of an execution may have and often has had serious consequences.

The Case That Rocked the World

The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti was the first in which I was to put to death condemned men in what the public calls a "big case." The night of August 22, 1927, which found these men going to the chair, was such a night as the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown had not seen before. Because of the political exploitation given this long-drawn-out case by radical and liberal organizations around the world, it had been permitted to take on more importance than any other execution of our time.

Arriving in Boston in midafternoon, I went to the Parker House and rested. Early in the evening, I started for the prison. There I found great crowds and noisy demonstrations. The crowd differed from the usual curious throng that gathers for a notable—or notorious—execution. This was predominantly a political throng, a political demonstration.

Of the merits of the Sacco and Vanzetti case, which had been permitted to drag on for several years after their conviction on July 14, 1921, for the murder of a paymaster and his guard, I knew no more than I had read in the newspapers. Again, as in the Hauptmann case, there was nothing exceptional in either execution, so far as my duties and the discharge of them were concerned. Sacco, whom a half-dozen years of prison, controversy, legal battles and a nerve-racking fight to survive had failed to subdue, spoke a farewell to his wife and friends as he was strapped in the chair, then shouted his farewell to the world: "Long live anarchy!"

Vanzetti, more composed, perhaps because more beaten down by his fate, uttered a protestation of his innocence.

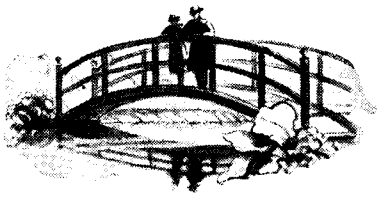
Observing the demonstration outside the prison that night, reading of the demonstrations that took place in Buenos Aires, Paris and throughout the world the following day, I prepared myself to receive a flood of threats. It was at that time that the police first insisted on posting a guard around our home.

But not one threat ever was received as a result of the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti. The storm of threats was to come the following year before and after the electrocution of Ruth Snyder.

Perhaps the protest on Sacco and Vanzetti finally came, in concentrated, volatile form, when our home was bombed on May 18, 1928.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week

"I'm Not a Fortune Teller, but..."



SHE: That face in the water looks as though it would get somewhere in the world.

HE: Oh! You mean the fellow in the new Stetson?

SHE: Yes. I wonder why he waited so long before stepping out in a really smart hat.

HE: Maybe he thought he couldn't afford a Stetson.

SHE: And what does he think about it now?

HE: He doesn't see how he could afford to wear anything else.

He chose "Stag Brown," one of Stetson's superb new range of "Rod-and-Gun" colors. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. $5, $7.50, $10 and up to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from $5.50.

Step Out with a **STETSON!**

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IF YOU went to a dog show two years ago, you had no trouble finding a place around the ring to watch the smooth fox terriers judged. Today it's a different story. Spectators are packed three and four deep, for something has happened to smooth fox terriers, and that something is a pert little black-and-white dog named Champion Nornay Saddler.

Watch this little wonder dog as he enters the ring. There's a murmur from the crowd, for he's what they've been waiting for. Listen to the applause as he moves across the ring, head up, ears erect, four feet spurning the ground like a miniature trotter. Notice his alert expression, the perfect rhythm of his movements, and you'll find yourself joining in the cheering as the judge adds another blue ribbon to his staggering collection.

For this is the dog that's leading smooth fox terriers back to the popularity they enjoyed in the first decade of this century. This dog is the reason why many a youngster will yelp with joy next Christmas morning at the sight of a squirming ball of wool, mostly white with black or tan markings, playfully chewing tinsel under the Christmas tree. It's all because of this:

Because a little girl in England wanted one; because a little bigger girl in America wanted another one; because a butcher on a transatlantic liner had an eye and a heart for a dog, and because a kitchen maid in an English home couldn't run very fast. . . .

It all starts with the first little girl, Frances Coward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coward, of Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England. She wanted a dog, and her parents bought her a good one—a female smooth fox terrier they called Wyrksop Surprise. The Cowards decided that their daughter's pet should bear a litter by England's greatest stud dog, Traveling Fox.

The young ones arrived ahead of schedule. Arrived, in fact, on a dreadful, stormy night when the English countryside was drenched with a penetrating rain.

Off to a Poor Start

The maid was tidying up the kitchen, sweeping the dust into the blazing open fire, when she heard a scratching on the door. She opened it, and in from the dripping courtyard came a wet, muddy and thoroughly bedraggled terrier, carrying something in her mouth. Now this maid had never seen a new-born puppy, and the muddy, formless thing that Wyrksop Surprise was dragging into her clean kitchen could be nothing but a very dead rat.

"Into the fire with that dirty rat!" she cried, and made a pass at the startled Surprise with her broom. This was hardly the reception a young mother expects for her first-born. Surprise side-stepped each swish of the broom. Confusion reigned in that kitchen that night—pots banging, broom whistling, maid yelling and fire roaring.

The noise was at its loudest, the maid was at her maddest, and the puzzled terrier mother was most worried when the Cowards burst into the room.

The Cowards quelled the maid, found a warm place for Surprise and did what they could for the pup. Mrs. Coward noticed the black saddle mark on its left side and promptly named it Saddler.

Thumb the pages of the official catalogue at the next big dog show in your locality until you come to "Fox Terriers (Smooth)." Here's how you'll find the hectic events of that night summed up in the unimaginative language of the American Kennel Club:

Wissaboo Kennels. Champion Nornay Saddler, A162163. By Traveling Fox—Wyrksop Surprise. March 12, 1936. Breeder, Frank Coward. Dog.

Nornay Saddler has the long, lean head; the small, V-shaped ears; the gracefully arched neck; the deep chest; the straight back; the hard, dense coat, and the gaily carried tail that breeders had in mind when they developed the smooth fox terrier in the eighteenth century. The written standard for the breed reads like a detailed description of Nornay Saddler.

Brought to this country when he was eight months old, he has had an amazing career in the show ring. Twenty-eight times he has been best in show, defeating the top-notch dogs of all breeds in the country. Forty-seven times he has been declared the best terrier in show, defeating the best Scottish terrier, Sealyham, etc. Sixty times he has been named best smooth fox terrier, and fifty-three times he has won best of breed, meaning that he has defeated the best wire-haired fox terrier as well. In his last twenty-one shows he has won best in show eighteen times.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Champion smooth fox terrier Nornay Saddler, with Madelaine Austin, daughter of his owner

If Johnny Vander Meer should pitch eighteen no-hit, no-run games out of twenty-one starts; if a halfback should score eighteen touchdowns in twenty-one consecutive plays, you would have something to which you could compare this dog's record.

Saddler has won more than one hundred trophies, worth approximately $5,000, and two hundred ribbons and rosettes. His total winnings and earnings, including his stud fees, far exceed his purchase price of $750. He is constantly in demand for stud services and is the first smooth terrier in the country with a fee as high as $50.

He has stimulated interest in his breed to such an extent that large kennels cannot keep up with the demand for good pups. This interest has grown steadily, until it appears that the popularity of the smooth fox terrier may soon equal that of the cocker spaniel and the dachshund, America's current favorite breeds.

But there's the ship's butcher and the little American girl who wanted another dog. Without their stories, Saddler's story is not complete.

The Cowards exhibited Saddler four times in England, where he won so handily that all the experts who saw him predicted a promising future for the awkward, spindly pup. The word traveled fast, and soon American fanciers realized that the kennel that acquired this dog would make them all sit up and take notice.

Most important of all, word reached the ears of James M. Austin, owner of the Wissaboo Kennels on Long Island, and his daughter, Madelaine, who is better known as Wissie to dog fanciers, handlers and judges around the Eastern dog show circuit. When other girls were playing with dolls, Wissie was training pups for the show ring, or learning how to supervise the feeding of sixty or seventy hungry dogs. Although only thirteen years old now, Wissie shares the responsibility with Mr. *(Continued on page 53)*

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You Can't Touch Dotty

Continued from page 10

and all the cute little streets—don't you love them too? I can't tell you how glad I am we're going to work together at last. Why don't you dine at my house tonight and we can discuss things in comfort?"

He thought: You're an awful little liar, but I really don't mind accepting your invitation. . . . He actually said: "That's kind of you. Thanks. But since we're here, let's begin talking now. This new picture of yours—I wish you'd tell me something about it."

Dotty arranged her pocketbook and gloves on the table before her, sipped coffee, giggled, and began: "You see, Mr. Cresswell, you're an Englishman—you wouldn't know much about our Civil War. It was between the North and the South. The South believed in slavery, but it was all very romantic, and the North was right, but wasn't romantic at all—so there you are, you have your background. I'm a beautiful girl of the South—her father has a plantation—slaves, of course, but he's always kind to them—and she falls in love with a Northern boy who's down there on business — falls passionately in love — not anything sexy, you know, but just passionate—then the war starts and the boy has to go back and fight for the North. Meanwhile the girl meets another boy, a Southerner, and is just about to marry him when the Northern boy gets wounded in battle near the plantation and is carried into her house to die. But he doesn't die—"

"I suspected all along he mightn't."

"Well, naturally, he couldn't, could he? She nurses him back to health and eventually—"

". . . marries him . . ."

". . . after a lot of old-fashioned objections from her family, but at length they consent and the happy pair . . ."

"Yes, I know. But what about the darkies?"

"Oh, there's a chorus of them. They sing plantation melodies."

"And there's a comic darky married to a very fat mammy . . ."

"You've read the script already?"

"What I really want to know is the idea behind the picture—if there is one."

She laughed. "Dinner is at seven. Not dress. There won't be anyone else."

ACTUALLY, when the time came, there wasn't even Dotty. About eight o'clock, when Cresswell had drunk three cocktails by himself, she telephoned the house from the studio and offered profuse apologies—she was still working on the picture and couldn't get away till ten or thereabouts. Would he care to wait? He said, well no, he didn't think he would—he usually went to bed early—perhaps some other time.

That evening, feeling a little put out, he was better able to attempt a coldly scientific assessment of her value to Suprematone Pictures. He arrived at a full and frank recognition of a fact that had occurred to him as likely even from the beginning—viz.: that Dorothy Perkins was not worth ten thousand dollars a week. Few people in the world were, he conceded: but among those doubtful few there was not even the benefit of a doubt for Dotty.

Wherefore, being an honest man as well as a shrewd accountant, he said the following morning: "This question of Miss Perkins, Mr. Mengelberg . . ."

"Well?"

"Ten thousand a week is a lot of money. It's just about what I earn in a year."

Mr. Mengelberg looked somewhat shocked by this confession—it seemed to give him a new and poignant interest in Mr. Cresswell. He answered: "I grant you it's not a bad little pay check. But I tell you frankly, if *that's* what you're driving at, I'd rather take a cut in my own salary than suggest one in Dotty's . . . well, *almost*."

"That's *not* quite what I'm driving at. May I tell you exactly what's in my mind?"

"Sure."

"I've come to the conclusion you've been losing money on Miss Perkins for years."

"But—but—" Mr. Mengelberg spluttered feebly while Cresswell waited; presently he added: "But—you can't say that—maybe some of her pictures haven't been as good as others—but—but—don't you realize?—we've built her up! She's one of our chief assets—"

"I'd call her your chief liability."

"But—but—*why?*"

"Hardly my job to explain. I'm not a judge of acting. But, as you yourself know, the Perkins pictures don't make profits. And that means that Miss Perkins not only isn't worth ten thousand a week—she's not worth *ten* a week! At least, as a complete stranger to Hollywood and Hollywood finance, that's how it seems to me."

"SEE here . . . what have you got against Dotty?"

"Nothing at all, personally. Far from it. I like her. In fact, I think she's charming—*off* the screen."

"She must be charming *on* the screen, or how d'you suppose she ever became a star?"

"I don't know. Public taste changes. I suppose people expect something more sophisticated than the stuff that made Miss Perkins famous ten years ago."

Mr. Mengelberg listened attentively. He always listened attentively to anyone who talked about what the public wanted, because he didn't know himself and always hoped that somebody else might let out the highly lucrative secret. After a moment's reflection he replied, in a somewhat chastened voice: "Maybe you're right, Cresswell. Sophisticated stuff is the goods. I think I'll throw out those two writers and put Lushington on for a few weeks."

"Another writer?"

"Oh, no, he don't write. Just thinks up gags."

"To come back to the point, Mr. Mengelberg . . . as you know, I'm in some sense a servant of the bank—what I mean is, they'll probably act on any advice I give them. So that it would be—don't you think?—far better if what has to be done is done tactfully. You realize that Miss Perkins' option comes up for renewal next month?"

Mengelberg stared hard for a moment, then said: "You don't really mean that? That we should let Dotty go?"

"I do mean it."

"But . . . but what about the picture she's working on now?"

"Scrap it if it hasn't gone too far. If it has, finish it off as quickly and cheaply as you can. You'll lose less that way."

"You don't think it's so good, then?"

"I'm no judge, but if you want my opinion, I think it's downright bad."

Mengelberg scratched his head. "Funny . . . I thought it sounded all right when Dotty told me about it."

"She could make a bus timetable sound all right if she talked about it privately—I'm quite aware of that. Unfortunately, that's not what you pay her a salary for . . ."

"Yes, I get you. I suppose you're right. But I'm sorry for the gal. She's

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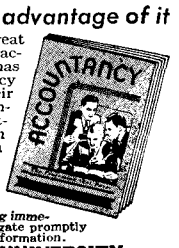

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a human being. It'll be a blow to her."

Cresswell tried to remember that there were millions of unemployed in the country, and that therefore the cruelest blows of all were not those suffered by a woman faced with compulsory idleness after earning half a million dollars a year for over a decade.

NEVERTHELESS it *wasn't* easy to engineer the professional demise of the woman he was beginning to fall in love with, and perhaps for that reason it was just as well that Cresswell had delivered his ultimatum to Mengelberg before his first dinner with Dotty at her Beverly Hills mansion. It was the first of many. They had, he soon discovered, many kindred interests as well as nicely complementary personalities. She liked to gossip, he liked to listen. To his relief, she didn't ask him much about his picture experiences in England, but she led him gently on to talk of the things that he really knew about—books and politics and business and world affairs.

He found, to his surprise, that though she had many acquaintances, there were few intimacies in her present life, whatever there might have been in her past. Perhaps that was because Hollywood was so young, young enough to think of her as old. Once she said: "Marie Dressler and Will Rogers and John Gilbert . . . *they* were my friends. How can I feel the same about Power and Taylor and that Rainer girl? They wouldn't feel the same about me, anyway. On the screen they think I'm a ham, and off it they think I'm a grandmother. I am too, for that matter. I never told you, did I? I was first married when I was sixteen and my boy's just married and had another boy—so I heard the other day. He's an aviator somewhere in South America—Paraguay or Uruguay, I never can remember which."

Upon the thought of Dotty as a grandmother came perhaps obtusely to Cresswell the realization that he had been in love with her ever since their first meeting. Of course it was absurd. He knew that. An accountant in love with a movie star! Anyhow, he told himself, it didn't and couldn't matter, because in a week's time he would be back in New York.

Afterward Dotty became serious. "John," she said, offering him coffee and cognac in front of a crackling fire, "I'm going to give up the screen after this picture. Do you know that?"

He felt appallingly traitorous, but thought again, as his heart guiltily pounded, of the millions of unemployed.

She went on: "As a matter of fact, Mengy won't take up my option next month. I know that. It means I'm through. I don't think any other studio wants me—at any price. It's all or nothing with people like me. But of course I don't really have to worry. Probably, when I get used to it, I'll be happier than I've been for a long time. All I want is a little house in the country—one maid—I can manage all the rest by myself. There must be lots of little places where I could find something to suit me. Do you think I could afford it?"

He said, gravely and with a touch of irony, that he felt sure she could.

She went on, looking at him with tear-filled eyes: "John, you've been so kind to me. . . . I wonder if you could spare a few minutes to help me figure out how I stand?"

"You mean financially?"

She handed him pencil and paper from a near-by table. "Yes, dear. Something tells me you're good at arithmetic."

"Certainly I'll help you," he answered, disguising his discomfort under a poker-face mask.

"Of course you know my salary. I dare say you think it's a lot, and so it is, but half of it goes out straightaway in taxes. Then there's over a thousand a week in wages—maids, gardeners, secretaries, agents, and so on. I've got some *old aunts and uncles in Missouri I send* money to—and then there are special police and bodyguards and insurance and what not . . . Heavens, I'll be able to economize when I leave here, won't I?"

He said he hoped so.

"I always knew I'd have to retire some day, but I never thought I'd get fired." She giggled. "Well, that's what it practically amounts to. I like to call things by their proper names. And people too."

She looked at him, still with those tear-filled eyes even though she was laughing, and under their gaze he felt himself flushing brick-red. Something inside him made him reply in a rush of words: "Dotty, before we go any further . . . I want you to know the truth . . . from me . . . rather than from others after I've gone . . . I'm not an English producer at all—I'm an accountant from a New York bank sent here to investigate the studio finances."

She stared into the fire. He waited nervously for her to speak. At last she said: "Of course I've known that for some time."

"*What?*"

"It was sweet of you to try to hide it from me, though."

"*What?*"

"Might have been embarrassing—for both of us—if we hadn't pretended. Of course it doesn't matter now."

He stammered: "You really are an extraordinary person, Dotty. You'll forgive me for saying it, but if you were *half as charming* on the screen as you are off it, I'd tell Mengelberg you were worth a million a week."

"Thank you, dear. And now you'll go on helping me about my position, will you?"

"Of course."

SHE went on: "Coming back to the money question. You know, when I first began in pictures, I could really *save* —I used to buy stocks and apartment houses and diamonds and things. But I was cleaned out of most of the stocks in 'twenty-nine, and I had to sell the diamonds to pay for losses on the apartment houses. I don't believe I'm worth very much now. I've got a ranch in the valley, but nobody wants it, because the place simply eats its head off in expenses. Oh, and I've got an oil well somewhere—at least, I used to have—maybe they've pulled it down and a Goya that's worth ten thousand or so. There it is."

She switched a light over a picture on the opposite wall. Cresswell moved over to look at it. After a few seconds he came back. "I'm sorry to tell you, Dotty, it isn't a Goya."

"No? Gee, the man swore it was—you just can't trust anybody nowadays. Well, anyhow, leave it out of count." She went to a bureau and unlocked a drawer. "There's some stocks here—some of 'em may be all right. Do you think I could raise a hundred thousand on the lot?"

After a few minutes of scrutiny Cresswell answered:

"I'm afraid they're worth very much less than that."

"I might have guessed it, mightn't I?"

"*Haven't you got any real estate anywhere?*"

"Only the ranch, and some corner lots on Pico. All mortgaged."

"I suppose you own this house, though!"

"No—just rented. Six hundred a month. And when I leave I suppose they'll bill me for a couple of thousand for dilapidations. They always do."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's a sort of racket."

"It's not fair."

"I suppose people think it's not fair I should earn as much as I do."

"No reason why you should be victimized, anyhow. Don't pay."

"Then they'll sue, and I can't afford any more court actions."

"Any *more?*"

"Well, you see, there's a man suing me for fifty thousand, but I think my attorney'll settle for five or so—he says *my dog bit him and he's had neurasthenia* ever since."

"Another racket?"

"Well, no, not exactly. My dog did bite him. He always bites men with mustaches. But as a rule it doesn't cost me more than a thousand to settle. This fellow's just being obstinate about his neurasthenia."

Cresswell looked doubtful. She smiled and went on: "I don't care. I've had my fun. But I had most of it years ago when everything in Hollywood was on a shoestring. Doing your outdoor scenes on actual street pavements — making up most of the stuff as you went along . . . somehow one kept fresh, that way. I got a hundred a week, and every one of those

"This is just a sample, Kennesaw. If you want more, it's in here on the table"

REAMER KELLER

dollars I could have exchanged for gold —that's what money was worth in those days."

"A pity you didn't exchange them for gold."

"I did, for a time. But when Roosevelt said we all had to turn it in, I didn't want to, and then I got scared when it said in the papers they'd search our safe deposits, so I let a man take it into Mexico for me—he said he could change it into English pounds, but he didn't come back. . . . I guess he just sold me another Goya."

CRESSWELL poured himself out a second glass of brandy. "Of course," he said, "what you need is somebody to look after you."

"Well, I've had enough people to do that in my time—d'you know my attorney says I owe him thirty-two thousand *dollars?*"

"What for?"

"Some case I had two years ago against an agent."

Something rushed suddenly, effervescently and uncontrollably to Cresswell's head. "Supposing I asked you to marry me, Dotty?"

"Darling! You don't mean it!"

"I did, but if you think it's too ridiculous of me even to have thought of it, please forgive me."

"*Forgive* you? Dearest, you . . . you don't know how I adore you!"

"*You* adore *me?*"

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"I adored you right from the moment I met you in Mengy's private lunchroom. I said to myself, 'That's the sort of man I'd marry if he weren't in the picture business.' So you can imagine how I felt when I found you weren't."

"But . . . but . . ."

"You see, dear, you're so dependable. That means such a lot—you've no idea. With you I wouldn't have any more worries about whether the new cameraman knows how to hide that bad left profile I have, and whether my publicity man is doing me more harm than good, and whether I was gypped over that page ad in the trade paper, and whether it's the cook who steals caviar out of the icebox—"

"Darling . . ."

"Of course I'm forgetting the chief reason of all—I love you. I always love funny people—I was once crazy about a snake charmer in a circus. . . . I do love you, John. And that's just why I wouldn't marry you. You don't want to have the bother of a person like me—you don't want to have me depending on you all the time."

"I think you'd do that very nicely in some little house outside New York—say in White Plains or Scarsdale—that is, if you didn't mind being a commuter's wife and doing without caviar. Maybe, though, we could afford *one* car . . . how many have *you?*"

"Four . . . And—we almost forgot! . . . there's the income tax."

"Income tax?"

"They haven't yet settled what I have to pay for Nineteen-thirty-three, -four, and -five. It might make you bankrupt, darling."

All Cresswell said, while he kissed her, was:

"You seem to have led the untidiest life of anyone I've ever met, Dotty. But you've found the right person in me, my dear—I happen to be an expert on income tax."

"I think you're wonderful. And I'd love a tidy life myself if only someone would make it tidy and keep it tidy for me."

"I will, I promise you. When will you marry me?"

"Are you sure you want me to, darling? I'll have to finish that damned picture first."

FINISHING the picture kept Dotty very busy during the next few weeks. Cresswell returned to New York, his mission ended, and every day came Dotty's scribbled report on what was happening. It was quite clear to Cresswell, reading between her lines, that Mengelberg was making every possible economy in production and winding up the whole enterprise as speedily as possible. This had been Cresswell's advice and he was glad to think it was being followed. "Mengy's turned off the writing team and we're making the scripts we already have do—there seems to be about forty of them, so there's plenty of stuff to choose from. And he's put off that French director I didn't like and he's doing most of the directing himself—as a matter of fact he takes my advice in quite a lot of things, he's being such a dear."

Then, a few days later: "We came to some new stuff today that wasn't in any of the scripts and I sat down on the set and scribbled out a scene that Mengy liked a lot—it was kind of human, he said."

Cresswell smiled as he read on. So she was entering the economy crusade with a vengeance? Well, well, no harm in that—it didn't very much matter what happened to the picture so long as it ended quickly. "Quite like old times, John," she wrote. "I've re-written some of the scenes in the plantation house—I never did like the way those writers wrote 'em—kind of too highbrow. And I've written in a new scene where the nurses go through the hospital wards carrying lanterns and the wounded men look up and smile. Maybe Mengy'll let me do a bit of the cutting and take some of the stiffness out that way. I must say it's fun doing things yourself . . ."

Cresswell was still in New York when the Hollywood preview took place. Hiding in a loge seat, he prepared himself for a couple of hours of acute embarrassment.

Nor, to begin with, was he either pleasantly or unpleasantly disappointed. The picture was just about as bad as he had expected it to be. But about two thirds through the picture a change became noticeable. It was a change, not so much in the quality of the story or the dialogue or the acting or anything definite, as in the degree of indulgence one found oneself prepared to accord to it. Suddenly one felt easy-minded, benevolent, cozy about the whole thing, and this coziness, beyond doubt, was evoked by Dotty herself. Her personality flowered; all at once she became as adorable on the screen as Cresswell had known her off it. She giggled, she looked silly, she said and did silly things, but always you could love her.

Never for one moment did you believe in the ridiculous lines she spoke or in the ridiculous situations she got into, yet somehow, more and more convincingly, you believed in *her*. And by the end of the picture you had wholly surrendered to a mood in which Dotty could go on doing anything she liked, however absurd, and have you adoring her eternally.

TWO weeks later Cresswell met Dotty in New York. They were at a cabin in the Catskills when this wire arrived:

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"Well?" Cresswell said, when she handed it to him and he had read it.

She said, with a touch of sadness: "Even if I went back it wouldn't do any good. Now that they've had a success they wouldn't let me be free any more. I'd have to work with all those writers and directors again — Mengy would never let me have my own way except in something he thought didn't matter. We've had our chance, and it was a last one—we both knew that. In a way I'm too old for Hollywood now, but in another way Hollywood's too old for me—it's got too many rules and too many dotted lines and too many experts to draw them. I'd still be happier doing a street scene at the corner of the Boulevard and Vine, with all the crowds watching, than making a seventeenth retake that nobody would know from the sixteenth without the number on it. . . ."

"Well?" Cresswell repeated, handing her back the wire.

She answered, after a pause: "I suppose if I can write my own ticket I can do this to my own ticket too." She tore up the message and threw it into the fire. "But there's one thing I'm really glad about," she added, more cheerfully. "I'm glad Mengy's going to make some money. Maybe he'll make enough to pay off the mortgage to your bank."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that," said Cresswell. "The bank won't press him now. There was never anything personal in it, you know—merely a desire to protect the public's money."

Dotty giggled. "Darling," she said, "I think it's you who are adorable. When the movie companies have lost a hundredth part as much of the public's money as the banks of this country have, then it'll be time for the banks to begin to talk. . . ."

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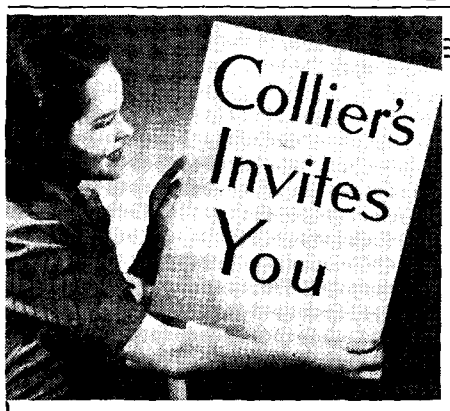

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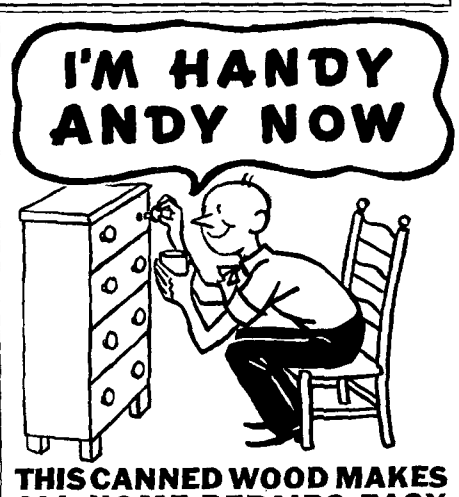
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Japan's Dictator

Continued from page 11

to make good one conquest at a time. The Kwantung army, most powerful of all, showed that its naïve ideas of national finances had not been improved by its bitter lesson in Manchukuo. It shouted that only later-class reservists—hundreds of thousands of men in their thirties, and older, dragged from office and store and farm without regard to the economic balance of the country—should be used to attend to China; while the young "regular" army and the best equipment should be flung against Russia, now, at once, as the Soviets purged themselves into military anemia.

The navy was sounding its perennial battle cry—"Oil! Oil!" Whether Sakhalin Island, or the Dutch East Indies, or wherever, let's go.

All military and totalitarian factions were united in trying to bludgeon immediate and unqualified application of the National Mobilization Bill, which bears confiscatory power over all material and every life in Japan.

A Spot for a Strong Man

The great feudal business houses wanted an end to the policies of Finance Minister Kaya and Commerce and Industry Minister Yoshino. These officials were strictly bureaucrats, who had risen from the career service ranks, without experience in the world of business. Their maneuverings with currencies and exports and imports were amateurish. The baronial capitalists wanted a knowing hand from their own school at the troubled helm. The common people were tired of the wreckage that backwashed in the inevitable receding waves, long trains of wounded, and cars filled with the white-shrouded boxes of ashes.

This was the situation in April in Japan, which Prince Fumimaro Konoye, the Prime Minister, had to face and solve.

The Prime Minister, still a young man, knew the risks; but he also knew the boundless and irresistible energy that would be available for national aims if these diverse forces could be organized into a purposeful whole. To gain "unification of divergent aims" he embarked on the second sit-down strike of his career, and employed proletarian tactics in an autocratic cause.

When the bickering and strife within his official family, the cabinet, seemed insoluble, and when criticism grew bolder and clamor became loudest in unofficial places, Prince Konoye went home to his villa, locked the doors and set guards, announced he was "sick" and sat down to wait.

It was a daring maneuver. It would smoke out rivals for the dictatorship or prove to the populace there was none.

His situation was perfect, from a gambler's point of view. If he lost, he could retire to the ease and leisure and insipidity of his former job as president of the House of Peers. That was virtually his birthright; and people said it fitted in with his lack of personal ambition, his indolence, anyway. If he won, there would be no one competent to question his pre-eminence.

Presently from the isolated villa floated rumors that he might be forced, by reasons of health, to resign. Official and popular apprehensions were instantaneous. Konoye knew he had won.

The Prime Minister came back to his office, looked a little wan for the benefit of the journalists, and when a decent face-saving interval had passed for the benefit of those who were on the block, the impact of his new cabinet was imparted to the country. Peaceable Hirota; bureaucratic Kaya and Yoshino; amiable Sugiyama, Minister for War, made one pretext or another to resign. In their stead came a strong, dour army bloc: Generals Ugaki, former governor of Korea; Araki, the firebrand and Soviet-baiter and medieval holdover of the samurai, or "warrior," class; Itagaki, sharpest man on the active list in China; and a lone civilian, Ikeda, head of Mitsui—the wedding of the army and capitalism, to make the dictatorship respectable. Prince Konoye, with his "strengthened" cabinet, became undisputed Number One Boy; and Japan became a Fascist state.

Perhaps, watching from the United States, you looked for a demagogue in a colored shirt and with a new kind of arm salute—although not many postures are left. But the ways of Japan and her leaders are dark to us, not from innate or vicious deviousness, but simply because they are not comparable.

In the sense that power to dictate and to weld the modern national council is now definitely and absolutely vested in one man, and in the sense that power to establish modern national policies, to unify divergent aims, and to obliterate factional opposition within the nation, now repose in one group, then Japan became Fascist in the last days of May of this year. Infallibility, however, which is part of the costume and the window dressing of his European prototypes, will not be ascribed to Prince Konoye, because that virtue is an attribute of the emperor and you cannot have a pair of temporal popes in the same country.

Moreover, you must now consider what is probably the most difficult slant of the whole affair to Occidental minds. The dictator of Japan plans to move on exactly the opposite tack from that common to European dictators. He is going to step back from the table, out of the glare, and retire into the shadow of the wings. It is known beyond doubt that unless General Ugaki commits some egregious blunder, proves himself utterly incompetent, this summer he will become prime minister. Prince Konoye will resign his official post to run the play from backstage. There is an old Japanese proverb that guides him: "If a man has power," it warns, "he is a fool if he shows it!"

A United States of Asia?

It is precisely this obscure role of Prince Konoye as dictator, this elusive nature of the Japanese totalitarian state, that make both extremely more dangerous to the United States and to other democracies than the plainly tagged bullies and isms of Europe, in the opinions of Tokyo's foreign diplomatic corps.

Prince Konoye's dictatorship, you may be sure, will be urbane; full of quick bows and apologies. Nevertheless it will not be turned from its fundamental aim, which is the glorious divinely ordained destiny of Japan and the good of her people—whatever Konoye and his stalwarts conceive those to be. There is no taint of personal ambition suspected in him; and he has the power to smack it down if it raises a head among his advisers. His nature is at once a guarantee against recklessness and yet a promise there will be ruthless, stubborn whittling down of those whom geography or politics or enterprise has put in the way of Pan-Asianism. Close friends of Konoye, as well as students of his growth, declare that his personal vision is of a United States of Asia—with Japan, naturally,

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the key and guiding unit. This dream has been smoldering in him since Versailles days, when he encountered Briand's United States of Europe plan.

To judge this newest and least predictable among the world's dictators you must come with me to Tokyo and meet him against his background. On the way, review his personal history—from gloomy, sallow Marxist youth to gloomy, saturnine middle-aged nationalist. It is colorful, with surprisingly human elements. He has the Japanese love of frankness—in other people. It is the trait they say they like most in Americans, and expect least in one another. So you can ask him what his dictatorship may have in store for the United States. You may not be surprised to learn that he has borrowed from our New Deal!

Education of a Prince

Prince Fumimaro Konoye was born in October, 1891; his mother died eight days later. His father, Atsumara, died when the boy was thirteen. Papa Atsumara Konoye had accompanied Prince Saionji to Europe in the years when Bismarck's ideas were being studied for the writing of the modern constitution of Japan. He became president of the House of Peers: as Genro Saionji's protégé, he was undoubtedly being groomed for the premiership, when he died at forty. The Genro transferred his affections to young Fumimaro, who didn't like him at first; the caustic old man must have observed a bit of side in the lad, for he invariably addressed him, "Your Excellency."

After his college years Prince Konoye decided to go to the United States as an emigrant. Genro Saionji, when he got wind of this, shuddered visibly, and persuaded the young man to enter the service of the imperial court instead. Prince Saionji headed the Japanese delegation to Versailles, and he took young Fumimaro as his assistant—just as he had taken his father to Vienna and thus launched his political career. Konoye, when he got wind of Paris and other gay places, revealed playboy tendencies that drew rebukes from the old Genro. Contrite, the young prince buckled down to write a treatise on how to attain international peace and welfare; and when nobody in Versailles paid attention to it, he voted the conference a bust.

Back in Japan, he devoted himself to his birthright seat in the House of Peers, and to repairing the family till. Notable friends, marriage, and similar fortunate aids that are usually available for high-born young men helped so much that today Prince Konoye is a man of independent means.

Therefore, Konoye did not bestir himself beyond merest needs in the House of Peers; his name, the known fact that he was a pet of the Genro, and his extraordinary talent for oratory took automatic care of his elevation to the vice-presidency of the body in 1931; and the presidency in 1933, in which he was to bide his time until 1937.

Meanwhile, the Konoye cult was growing in Japan with his acceptance into the confidence of all classes—militarists, businessmen, career diplomats, and just people—which is the rarest and most difficult achievement in Japanese public life. Characteristically, the Japanese do not trust one another; one story they enjoy telling on themselves, to illustrate the racial trait, deals with two close business friends who met in Tokyo Central Station:

"Where are you going?" asked Businessman One.

"I am going to Kobe," said Businessman Two, after some hesitation.

Then Number One said loudly:

"Ha, you are a liar! You told me you are going to Kobe in order to make me think you are going to Osaka! But I made inquiries, and *I know you are going to Kobe!*"

Prince Konoye is trusted by all Japanese; and this, observers of his rise to power say, is the strongest and most indispensable attribute of a dictator in Japan. Moreover, the common people have for a long time affectionately watched his manifestations of very human traits. "Prince Konoye's Sashimi" has become a popular synonym for fastidiousness. Sashimi is the raw fish, which is next to rice in importance in the Japanese diet. Word has got around that Konoye dips his in boiling water before eating it, presumably to kill germs.

He shaves himself at home, but goes to the barber every third day for a "trim." He always carries a flask of American hair tonic with him, and makes the barber mix with it a certain amount of eau de cologne.

When his eldest daughter was married to the heir to Prince Shimazu a going-away party was held for her at Karuizawa. There was a great crowd of distinguished friends, but Konoye and his wife failed to show up for a long time. Concern was felt, and the daughter was not far from tears, when suddenly the door opened and in marched Prince Konoye in his wife's evening gown, which came to his knees, while she tripped behind him lost in his morning coat and trousers. The Japanese are not given to practical jokes, nor their aristocrats toward public unbending, and the shock of this left diplomats and princes and captains of finance and industry in timorous convulsions.

It was because of his genius for the warm and personal factors, rather than the stiffly remote ones that are conventional with Japanese public men that when Prince Konoye at length became Prime Minister everybody said he was one of the two most popular men in the empire. The other is Futabayama, the 27-year-old national grand champion sumo wrestler.

Everything or Nothing

There had been serious internal dissension in Japan—the old fight between the military and the politicians—from the Manchurian incident of 1931 onward. There was a succession of prime ministers picked chiefly for their gifts of inaction. The Okada cabinet was blasted out by machine-gun fire on the snowy morning of February 26, 1936. Genro Prince Saionji, aware the time had come for a positive rather than a negative hand, recommended Konoye to the emperor. The prince was summoned to the imperial palace for the "Great Command." He barely waited for the "Son of Heaven" to stop talking before he committed the almost unheard of, almost blasphemous, act of refusing the job: he was not going to be a rubber stamp, and he did not yet see the opportunity of being anything else.

It was a shrewd move of a man who wanted all the power or none, but few expert political observers discovered this implication until later, upon second thought. It would force the major contending factions to play their cards and make their failures—and come back to Konoye. It worked out precisely that way: more than a year later there was no one left to turn to but Konoye, and so great was the esteem for his strength of character, so uncertain and fearful of what he might do were even Saionji and the emperor, that a court emissary was sent to his home to make a discreet inquiry.

Konoye moved into the premiership and began to place his decisive political guns. First, there was the revelation of what he had learned from the New Deal. He addressed the empire over a nationwide radio hookup. This was not a de-

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parture: the new thing was the manner of his talk. The usual Japanese political speech—the only kind ever heard by the Japanese public heretofore on such an occasion—is a quite dreadful cut-and-dried statement of platitudes. The speaker unrolls his scroll—from right to left—and drones along as impersonally as a hotel bedroom electric fan. Prince Konoye junked all that and brought the fireside chat to Japan. The nation virtually yelped with surprise and pleasure. "Why," the amazed official secretary of the cabinet said, dubiously, "the wording was such that even the old women in the farm villages could understand it!"

On the other hand, it quickly became plain to broad minds that the days of Doctor Kawakami and Kyoto classrooms, and even the influence of reasonably liberal old Saionji, were far behind. "National defense exists for the sake of the state, and the people also exist for the state!" he warned an inquisitive Diet progressive. And, later: "China must be beaten to her knees, made virtually a vassal state." Then, in January of this year, his promise to the rabid nationalists that before peace with China would be consummated her generalissimo's head must roll in a basket.

When you go to visit Prince Konoye at his official premier's residence you have a singular notion of being set down upon a stage in the midst of an old-fashioned ten-twenty-thirty Oriental melodrama. It is a beautiful place, close to the palace and to government offices, set in a walled garden of azaleas and pines and cryptomeria and the picturesque stunted evergreens that the Japanese love for accent. You begin to get the idea at the gate, where your car is stopped and both uniformed and plain-clothes men peer in at you from both sides. More close in and look you over at the porch, while inside the door, where you wait until your credentials are sent ahead, is like a third-degree anteroom, filled with tough and bulgy little brown men with deaf-looking faces. You are led by a secretary through tortuous halls, where you want to look over your shoulder constantly, into a succession of rooms, where each door is carefully shut before the next one is opened. You have been told there are secret passages and sliding panels throughout this residence, together with machine guns set in armored walls against outside attacks, and a staff of fighting men. You believe that, now.

A Hollywood Prospect

You are shown to a table, covered with green baize, already furnished with cups of the delicious tea that is shoved in front of you every time you sit down in Japan. Prince Konoye appears noiselessly from behind a screen and you get your major shock.

If Sam Goldwyn were to meet Prince Konoye he would ring for his casting director at once and shout, "Lookit—Hamlet!" The dictator of Japan is very dark, very tall, very sad—morose, indolent, and possessor of perhaps the only "gangling" figure in all this empire of what their neighbors the Chinese have called from time immemorial "the island of dwarfs." You get the impression of a man habitually shying from things, preferring not to accept the responsibility of a close approach to people or realities. His large, unslanted, bulging eyes are the kind that work better from across the room, and you are sure he would feel better if he could stand behind that screen and talk to you between the cracks.

Nevertheless, the saturninity dissolves over the teacups; and you become at ease in the presence of a courtly, urbane gentleman, who knows your country and your language as well as you do, and other lands, and other tongues, to boot. Before you leave you are sure the indolence is simulated but that if he were going to sign any papers he would put his gloves on first.

You find it difficult, as you study him, to realize he is a family man, for Prince Konoye has all the earmarks of a cosmopolitan bachelor—a social informality and independence that set him apart from the average Japanese gentleman, and springs, no doubt, from the circumstances of his orphaned youth.

Dictator Konoye has four children. Both daughters have married into the nobility. The youngest son, now sixteen, is in the Peers School, in Tokyo. The elder, Masataka Konoye, you have read a good deal about. Prince Konoye told me that because of his own great interest with respect to the United States, his sense of the importance of American friendship, he deliberately imposed American education upon his son.

The American Influence

Masataka prepped at Lawrenceville; and Prince Konoye himself went there in 1934 to attend the graduation ceremonies. Incidentally, he gabbed around in the United States a bit, and when he returned to Japan he reported to the peers a discovery that profoundly surprised all hands and was quite at variance with the twaddle of good-will emissaries. "The United States," he said in effect, "looks upon Japan as an international criminal because of its own activities and not as a result of Chinese propaganda!" He also fetched back his fondness for American hair tonic.

It is believed in Japan that Masataka would like to enter the diplomatic career service, but is not oversanguine of his ability to pass the examination, which is reputed to be the orneriest of its kind in the world—even tougher than the English. Koki Hirota's son failed it five times and then became a journalist; which, in Japan, is the customary refuge for disappointed aspirants to statecraft. Last summer, when Masataka was home on vacation, he got a temporary job with the Domei News Agency. People wondered if he had decided to save himself the grind of the usual procedure.

They wondered even more—Japanese, politicians, journalists, foreigners and diplomats alike—this summer, when news came to Tokyo that Masataka had been voted by his fellow students in Princeton as the member of his class most likely to succeed. Wondered, that is—without intending slight to Masataka's personal graciousness and gifts—whether those voters, the young scamps, had cynical democratic eyes on Papa Konoye.

After all, an old man who is the dictator of an empire of more than half a billion souls, a quarter of the earth's population—70,000,000 Japanese, 20,000,000 Koreans, 5,000,000 Formosans, 35,000,000 Manchukuoans, a few million assorted North and South Sea Islanders, and 450,000,000 Chinese—would scarcely be a handicap to the captain of the Princeton golf team.

Japan is a polite and smiling land, but never a forthright one. You never, never address people as "porter" or "cook" or "editor" or "boy." You say "cook-san," which means "Mister Cook" and is good manners. This little suffix is the great face-saver of Japan.

Therefore, you may not find a Japanese to call Prince Konoye "dictator." But call him "dictator-san" and they will bow and grin and suck in their breath in the quaint way that makes a group display of courtesy in Japan so much like a meeting of snakes. They will know, then, that you know. For that is what they are calling Prince Konoye themselves: "Dictator-san!"

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Just an Old Smoothie

Continued from page 46

Austin for everything that goes on at Wissaboo. When Wissie said she wanted that pup in England, that settled it.

A cable sent to Worksop arrived at a psychological moment. The Cowards were fed up with dog shows right then, and they accepted the Austin offer.

The pup was shipped on the Aquitania. Soon after the ship left England Saddler became a miserably sick pup. Insidious distemper germs, which hadn't made their presence known before, were doing their darnedest to prevent this eight-months-old immigrant from ever becoming a naturalized American.

It was the Cowards who came to the rescue before; now it was the ship's butcher. He knew a sick dog when he saw one, and so the first night out he slipped Saddler under his coat and brought him far down below decks to his small cabin. There Saddler completed the crossing, sleeping in the butcher's berth. He was still sick, but still alive, when the ship docked at New York.

Mr. Austin was at the pier and lost no time in getting Saddler out to his home at Catawba Farms on Long Island. Now, if there is a canine paradise on this earth it is Catawba Farms, site of the Wissaboo Kennels as well as Mrs. Austin's Catawba Kennels of Pekingese and Brussels griffons. There the sick pup was nursed for three months, until he was in shape again, ready to start his phenomenal career in the show ring.

And he started with a bang. Soon fanciers became aware of a stylish little smooth fox terrier that was catching the eyes of judges everywhere. He won at Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit. He brought home trophies from Wilmington, Delaware; from Reading, Kingston, and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—even from Canada, where experts hailed Saddler as the best smooth they had seen in years.

Champion of His Breed

"Before Saddler appeared," Mr. Austin explains, "it was always a foregone conclusion that the best wire-haired would beat the best smooth, and so represent the breed in the terrier group, which in turn sent the best terrier into the ring to compete with the other five group winners for best in show.

"But Saddler changed all this. Now when the smooth and wire-haired meet to decide which is best of breed, it's a toss-up as to which will go up."

Saddler hit his peak of perfection last spring. He was judged best terrier at America's biggest show, staged by the Morris & Essex Kennel Club at Madison, New Jersey, in which more than 800 terriers were entered. Then he climaxed his spring and summer campaign with best in show awards at Skytop, Pennsylvania; Lake George, New York; Hamilton, Massachusetts, and Great River, New York.

His victory at Westport, Connecticut, was marked by behind-the-scenes drama that few persons at the show knew about. His first owners, the Cowards, and their daughter Frances, now five years old, were visiting this country and naturally were at the ringside. As Len Brumby, professional handler who shows Saddler whenever he competes, came out of the ring with the rosette symbolizing best of breed, he handed it to Mr. Austin. Mr. Austin presented it to Mrs. Coward, and repeated the gesture when Saddler was judged best terrier.

Finally, the Cowards received an unexpected thrill, and a permanent memento of a rainy night in Nottinghamshire, when Mr. Austin gave them the silver cup that meant Nornay Saddler again had been crowned best dog in show.

In all, seventy-four different judges have agreed on Saddler's merit by placing him on top. John G. Bates, who for many years was chairman of the show committee of New York's famous Westminster Kennel Club, calls Saddler the best smooth he has seen in twenty-five years. Alfred B. MacClay, noted horseman and dog fancier of Millbrook, New York, credits Saddler with "perfect balance and perfect movement." Henry B. Fottrell of Dublin, chairman of the Irish Kennel Club, judged Saddler at the Morris & Essex Show and afterward said: "He's one of the greatest dogs I've ever seen."

And Saddler Has Fun

And what about this dog that causes experienced judges to stand in open admiration as though they hadn't seen a dog before? Is he forever pampered with trimmings and brushings between his trips to the shows? If you think so, come out to Catawba. . . .

A gray squirrel streaks across the lawn with two black-and-white wraiths in full cry behind him. The one in front would be Saddler. He's younger and faster than his aged friend Rebel, another smooth who, with Saddler, rules the canine population of Catawba Farms.

Or look behind the barns. There are Saddler and Rebel, tense and quivering, stalking a rat that's been stealing oats. Suddenly Saddler shoots ahead, grabs the scurrying rodent by the neck and flips it into the air.

Oh, yes, Saddler has fun. He doesn't know, nor care, that in five years his name will appear in the pedigrees of probably ninety per cent of the smooth fox terriers in this country: that breeders in England are clamoring for his pups; that he's the sire of litters on the West Coast, in Texas, Canada, British Columbia and the Argentine; that every day at least seven letters arrive at Catawba Farms seeking more information about America's No. 1 dog.

Mr. Austin can name fifty fanciers whose interest in smooths have been renewed or who have taken up the breed for the first time because of Saddler's prominence—and their enthusiasm is spreading to the general dog-loving public.

The first crop of Saddler's pups will appear at the shows this fall, attempting to depose their sire as America's No. 1 Dog. There are twenty of them at Catawba Farms. Two of them, Side Saddle and Full Tilt, look more like their sire every day. And there is one owned by George Hartman of Lampeter, Pennsylvania, which looks a lot like the pup that was born in an English storm.

Was Saddler's birth an accident? Is he the product of one of those whims of nature that periodically produce a dog or a horse of such high quality that breeders accept it as the ultimate of perfection, and strive to duplicate it by scientific breeding?

"Saddler is no accident," Mr. Austin says emphatically. "He is a triumph of selective breeding. He is the result of the crossing of England's greatest blood lines. He is a living proof of the rule that says to breed the best to the best if you want to *get* the best."

Selective breeding, yes. But once you know Saddler's story you just can't help thinking that there'd be no Saddler and there'd be far fewer animated balls of wool under Christmas trees this winter if it weren't for a little girl in England, a little bigger girl in America, a kindly ship's butcher and a kitchen maid in an English home who couldn't run very fast.

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PTOMAINE JOE'S PLACE

AT THE last roadside hot-dog stand you patronized how clean or otherwise were the dishes, the knives, the forks, the spoons, the glasses? How clean, do you surmise, were the utensils in which the food had been cooked?

Was there an opalescent skin of soap or grease on top of the water in your glass? Did you have an urge to give your coffee spoon a going-over with your sleeve, handkerchief or napkin while the lady or gentleman behind the counter wasn't looking?

Did you by chance pick up a stomach-ache or a case of trench mouth at the place?

We're moved to ask these questions by a news story we've just been reading about New York State's new sanitary laws for public eating places, especially roadside hot-dog stands.

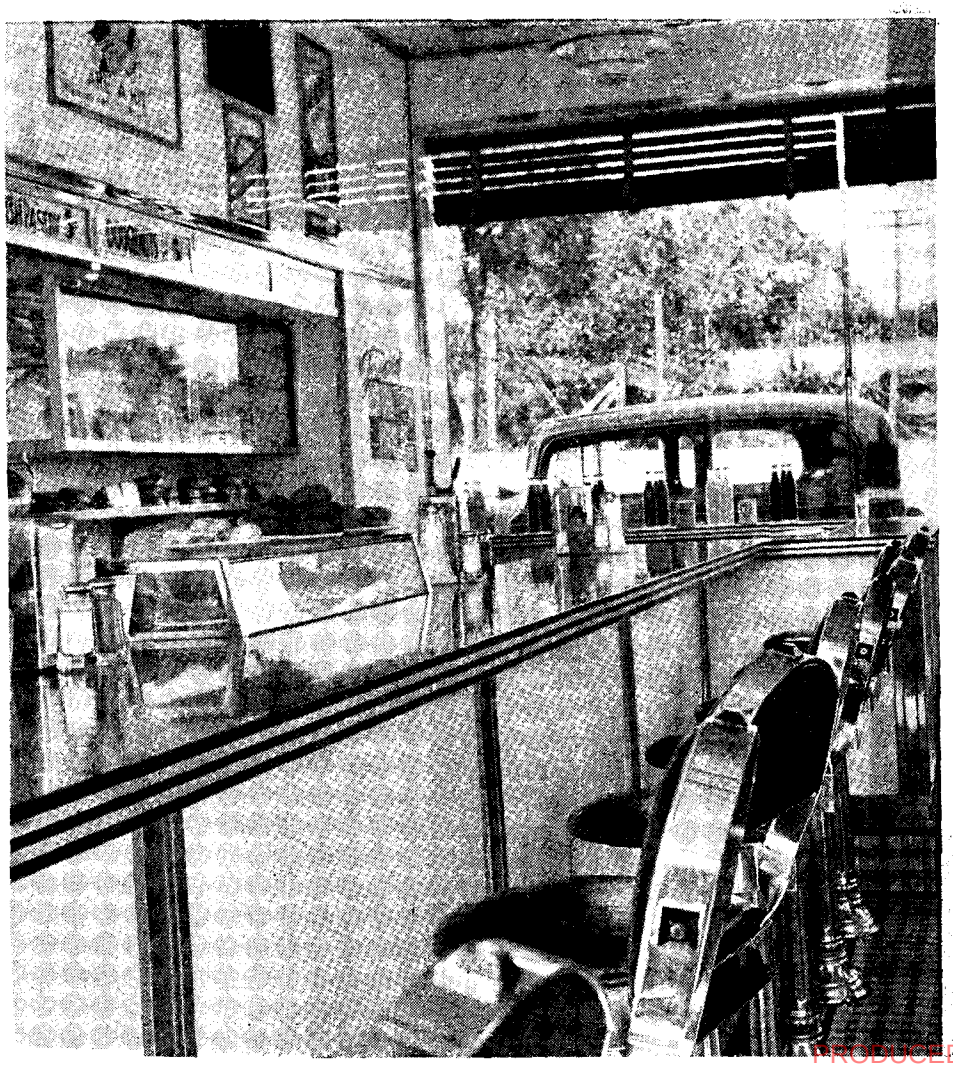
Special emphasis is placed by these laws on the washing of utensils. Here are the specifications, to quote from the New York Herald Tribune:

They must be treated in water of 110 degrees containing soap or an approved chemical; then for at least five minutes in live steam; next for at least two minutes in clear water at 170 degrees, and finally rinsed in water containing chlorine in the proportion of 100 parts to 1,000,000.

We wonder what percentage of the myriad eating places that stud America's motor highways come within shouting distance of that standard of cleanliness for cooking utensils. We've all seen roadside eateries that were spick-and-span outside and inside, and that were staffed by people whose faces and fingernails were immaculate. But most of us have also suffered in and from places of the other kind.

What we need are fairly uniform sanitary regulations in each state for the roadside eating places. And we need to have such regulations enforced. State governments, most of which are so fond of using gasoline tax money for any and all purposes whether connected with motoring or not, could reasonably be asked to use a fair proportion of that money for such enforcement.

We know of no available figures on the subject. But millions of us patronize roadside eating houses every day, and some unknown percentage of these places are run by Ptomaine Joe, whatever his name as given by his sponsors in baptism. The amount of indigestion, and of communicable diseases, inflicted on the motoring public by these places from year to year must be large enough to constitute a major national public health problem.



New York's new sanitary laws for public eating places were not aimed at this spick-and-span restaurant for motorists in New Rochelle, New York, but at the myriad roadside places that do not nearly approach its standards of cleanliness

IS DEBT DESIRABLE?

FEW people like to be in debt, even deadbeats who have little or no intention ever to pay. There is a scratchy, uncomfortable feeling about being in debt that keeps most people uneasy as long as the debt is owed.

Is it possible that the great majority of us are mistaken in this feeling we have about debt? Have we been making a mistake all these generations? Is debt something to be desired; something to be cultivated for its own sake, with a song in the heart and a smile on the lips, until one's signature is parked around on all the promissory notes and IOU's one's credit will bear?

These questions are inspired by some remarks we read recently from the pen of Charles Michelson. Mr. Michelson is chief of staff of political publicity for the New Deal. In that capacity he gets out frequent releases for the press, all of them well written and some of them interesting.

In one of these recent documents Mr. Michelson observed lightheartedly that the nation is some $37,000,000,000 in debt now; insisted that there are various legitimate offsets to this figure if we would only take the larger view of it, and said that we could step our national debt up to $90,000,000,000 before it would equal, *all things considered*, the British national debt.

Other New Deal economists have gone even farther than Mr. Michelson in their time. They have urged the piling of debt on debt and deficit on deficit without stint or limit. The emergency that overtook us in 1929, we have been told, was and is so terrific that all thought of economy must be tossed out the window —and all worry about going deeper and deeper into debt. Besides, look at how lightly we are taxed up to now as compared with the British taxpayers. Always we are advised to look at the poor British taxpayer and cheer up.

It so happens that this lullaby simply is not true. Here are some figures—with acknowledgments to a couple of respected economic thinkers, David Hinshaw and Harry Scherman, and to the Twentieth Century Fund—which you might paste in your hat to show to the next person who tries to give you these lighthearted, forget-the-expense arguments.

Our *national* debt is indeed (or was when this was written) "only" $37,000,000,000. But our total *public* debt—the combined debts of the federal, state and local governments—is $57,000,000,000. It was only $6,100,000,000 in 1914.

As to comparative taxation here and in Great Britain: national and local taxes collected in the United Kingdom in the year ended last March 31st averaged out to $107 per person. On estimates of total federal, state and local taxes collected in the United States for fiscal 1938, our figure is exactly the same—$107 per person. "Per person" in both cases means per man, woman and child in the entire population—47,000,000 in the United Kingdom—128,000,000 in the United States.

And as to comparative costs of government, which are more significant than comparative taxes, we are at present in the proud position of world leadership. In 1936 (latest figures available), we spent $133 per man, woman and child to keep our various governments going, while the British spent $123 and the French $103. This means present spending plus costs of financing deficits.

Much of this government spending is necessary and unavoidable; no disputing that. Most of us are agreed that, come what may, we must take care of all victims of the economic storm that hit us in 1929, until the storm blows out or the money runs out. Most of us favor various extensions of government services that would have shocked our grandfathers; and all these extensions cost money.

But what should worry us to the point of vigorous protest, we believe, is the above-mentioned frolicsome, snap-your-*fingers-at-care attitude of some of our* higher-up New Dealers toward the public debt. Such a state of mind in influential government circles cannot be safe for the country.

Any sensible businessman borrows money when he needs it for plant expansion, or to stave off his hungrier creditors, or for any other legitimate purpose. But he doesn't chuckle about these debts in his waking hours or snicker about them in his sleep. He does his serious best to cut down his debt as fast as he can, and as a rule he worries considerably until the obligation is finally discharged.

Is it too much to ask our public servants to ease themselves into a similar serious frame of mind with regard to the public debt? After all, they are piling up these debts in our names, not theirs; and the money they are spending is our money, not theirs. It will all have to be paid eventually, in one way or another, and all of us will be in at the pay-off, whatever form it takes. Those of us who don't pay directly will have to pay indirectly.

We cannot safely allow our public servants to become joyously ambitious to increase the public debt for the fun of watching the billions mount up. We cannot safely swallow the righteous-sounding excuses for debt expansion that these gentlemen grow more skilled at making with each new excuse they invent.

COLLIER'S

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